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Sport, Travel & Fiction

The BYSTANDER.

Art Literature & the Drama.

No. 48.—Vol. IV. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, November 2, 1904 [Price 6d. By Post, 6½d.

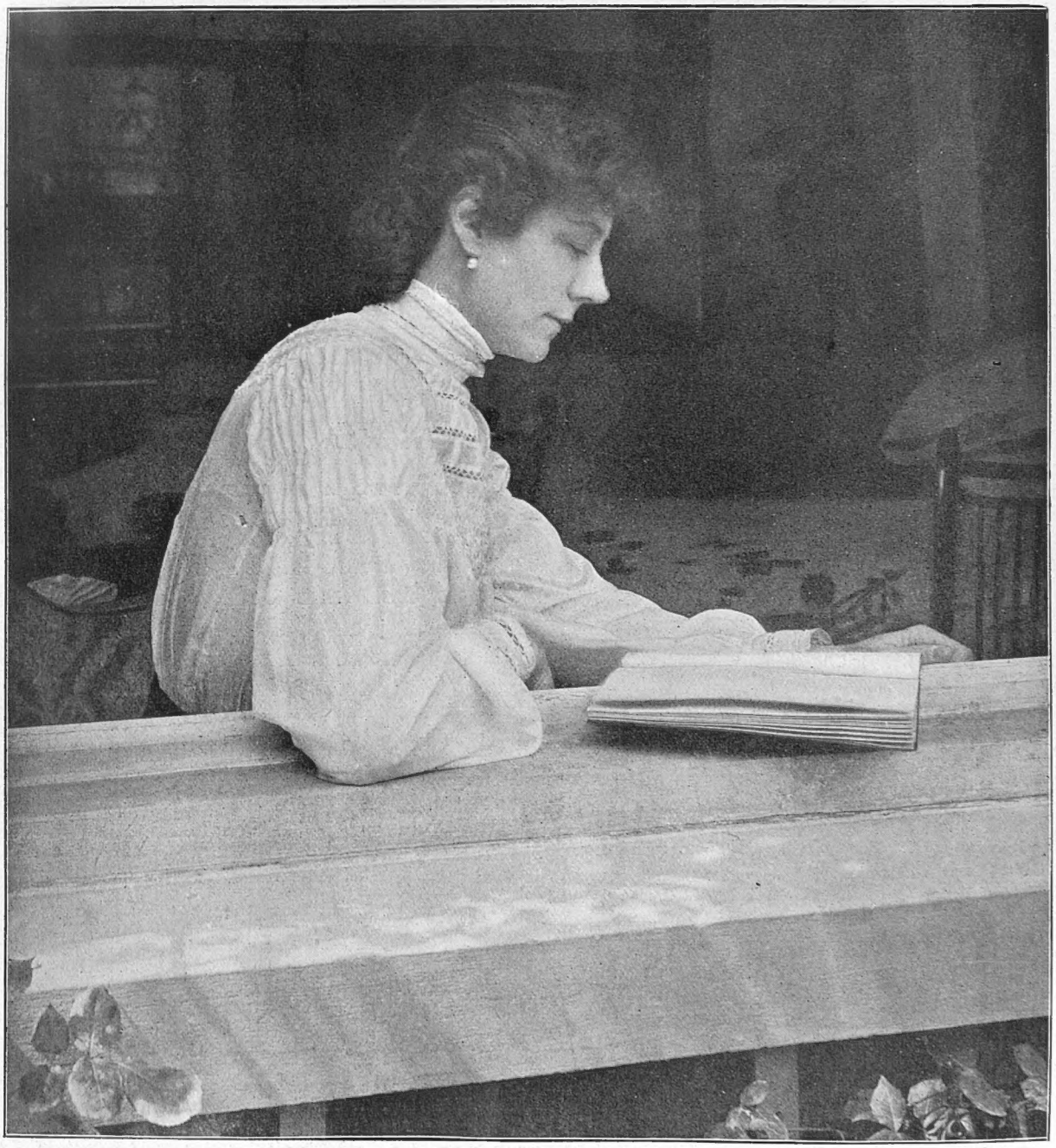

Photo by *Foulsham and Banfield*

The latest Portrait of Miss Violet Vanbrugh (Mrs. Arthur Bourchier)

Who appears in the *rôle* of Lady Alethea Frobisher in *The Walls of Jericho*, produced on Monday at the Garrick Theatre

No. 48.—Vol. IV.

CONTENTS

Wednesday, November 2, 1904

	PAGE
Frontispiece	319
The World's Pageant	321
Anglo-Russian Personalities	323
With the Channel Fleet	325
People of Interest	330
"At the Sign of the Times"	333
Concerning Mr. Henry J. Wood (No 48 of the Series)	336
Matters Musical	338
The Library	340
Gossip About Books	342
"The Little Brown Bird." By Harold Simpson	344
The German Royal Betrothal: The Crown Prince and the Princess Cecilie at Baden	348
Our Short Story: "A Fatal Impediment." By Ethel and Arthur Ropes...	349
Parisiana: The Light Side of Life in Paris	352
Automobile Topics	355
By Field, Stream, and Covert. Edited by the Hon. L. J. Bathurst ...	359
"A 'Possum Up a Gum Tree" ...	363
The World of Entertainment	364
Rugby: Richmond beat Cantabs by 3 tries to nil	366
The "Cambridgeshire"	367
Bridge. By "Problematicus" ...	368
Tiger-Shooting in the Himalayas. By "Pax vel Bellum"	370
Fashionable Facts and Fancies ...	374

The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from his readers, but all such should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope for return if unsuitable, and although every effort will be made to deal with MSS., photographs, or drawings, promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions. Liberal payment will be made on publication for all accepted matter. Short stories of 1,000 to 3,000 words are acceptable, but in order to save inconvenience and disappointment, the Editor begs leave to state that bright and amusing fiction is preferred. News, and photographs of events on the Continent of interest to English readers, will be immediately considered. All contributions should bear the owner's name and address. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER Office, Tallis Street, E.C.: The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn.

N.B.—We have received a large number of contributions without the necessary stamps enclosed for return. In future, all such will be consigned to the waste-paper basket.

BOOKS RECEIVED

NOVELS

"Aliens of the West." (Cassell and Co.: 6*s.*)
"Lammas Grove." By Carlton Dawe. (Brown, Langham: 6*s.*)
"The Storm of London." By F. Dickberry. (John Long: 6*s.*)
"A Japanese Romance." By Clive Holland. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6*s.*)
"A Silent Singer." By Clara Morris. (Isbister: 6*s.*)
"The Prodigal Son." By Hall Caine. (Heinemann: 6*s.*)
"The Canon in Residence." By Victor L. Whitchurch. (Fisher Unwin: 6*s.*)
"Jess and Co." By J. J. Bell. Author of "Wee MacGreegor." (Hodder and Stoughton: 6*s.*)
"Life in a Crack Regiment." By Baron von Schlicht. (Fisher Unwin: 6*s.*)
"Park Lane." By Percy White. (Constable: 2*s.* 6*d.*)

MISCELLANEOUS

"The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam." With Photogravures after Gilbert James. (Routledge: 3*s.* 6*d.*)
"A Book of Ghosts." By S. Baring-Gould. (Methuen: 6*s.*)
"The Lives of Robert and Mary Moffatt." By John Smith Moffatt. (Fisher Unwin: 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)
"The Pedlar's Pack." By Mrs. Alfred Baldwin. With Illustrations in Colour by Charles Pears. (W. and R. Chambers: 6*s.*)
"Old Times and New." By Canon Tetley. (Fisher Unwin: 7*s.* 6*d.*)
"The Adventures of Don Sylvio de Rosalva." By Wieland. (Routledge's Early Novelists' Library: 6*s.* net.)
"The Life and Opinions of John Buncle, Esquire." By Thomas Amory. (Routledge's Early Novelists' Library: 6*s.* net.)

Notice to Golfers

Owing to pressure on our space this week we are compelled to hold over the Golfing Notes by Mr. Ernest Lehmann, which are a regular weekly feature of the paper.

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NOTICE.—Paris Office, 24, Cité Trevise, where all orders for Continental Subscriptions, Advertisements, and Electros should be addressed.

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½d. per copy irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to correctly WEIGH AND STAMP all copies so forwarded.

Notice to our Subscribers

The Title Page and Index to Volume III. of THE BYSTANDER can be had free on application to the Publisher, Tallis Street, E.C., enclosing 1*d.* stamp to cover cost of postage.

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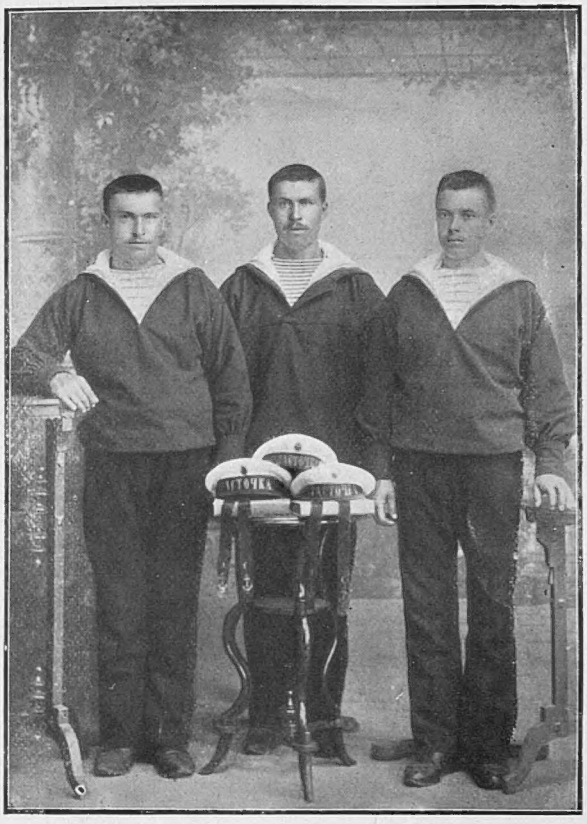
The Anglo-Russian Crisis

A RUSSIAN ADMIRAL AND SOME BRITISH "SEA DOGS"

Admiral Rojhdestvensky, the cause of all the trouble between this country and Russia, received his early training in the Russian Corps of Marine Cadets and in the Marine Academy. He was present in the Russo-Turkish War, and in 1877 was conspicuous by the manner in which he attacked a Turkish warship in the Black Sea. In 1898 he was promoted to Rear-Admiral and commanded the Evolutionary Squadron in the Baltic during the manœuvres before the German Kaiser. For this he received the thanks of the Tsar, and has been since marked for a high command.



Three typical Russian Sailors of the Baltic Fleet, photographed recently at Libau

The British Admirals who command the Channel, the Mediterranean, and the Home Squadrons, are in each case men on whom the nation can thoroughly rely. Lord Charles Beresford, who waited the coming of the Russian Armada, has long been a popular favourite with the public. He is a typical "sea-dog," cheery, breezy, and yet as smart an officer as ever handled a fleet. Between his periods of command, Lord Charles is accustomed to woo some constituency, and, from a seat in the Commons, to hustle those legislators who do not sufficiently realise the importance of a thoroughly up-to-date Navy. His success in this is well known, for our Navy has never been more thoroughly efficient than at the present moment. Lord Charles is utterly fearless: three times he has jumped overboard to save lives at sea, and he possesses the gold medal of the Royal and Liverpool Humane Societies.

Admiral Sir Edward Compton Domvile, commander of our premier Fleet—the Mediterranean Squadron — is tremendously believed in by his men. In his young days, the Admiral commanded a small gunboat, and was sent, with her complement of twenty men and three

Photo by Elliott and Fry

Admiral Sir Compton Domvile
In command of the Mediterranean Squadron

Admiral Rojhdestvensky
In command of the Russian Baltic Fleet

Photo by Maull and Fox

Vice-Admiral Sir A. K. Wilson, V.C.
In command of the Home Squadron

inferior guns, to bring to account some Chinese pirates. He met them — a fleet of thirteen boats, 130 guns, and 800 men, armed to the teeth. The weather was rough, and his cockle-shell pitching like a cork. Without any hesitation, the young officer pointed his guns and put the fear of death into the pirates, boarding one of the craft, among other exploits. For this courageous feat he was promptly made a commander, and has come "right through" to the highest active command in the Navy Good shooting is his great idea, and since he commanded in the Mediterranean the shooting of the Fleet has reached a high state of perfection.

It is fortunate for the Russian Armada that, after firing on our fishermen, they did not fall in with the Home Squadron, under the command of Vice-Admiral Sir Arthur Knyvet Wilson, V.C., for, if there had been such an encounter, it is pretty certain the Russian Fleet would have been called upon for explanations there and then. A more intrepid officer than Sir A. K. Wilson does not exist, though outw rdly he is reticent and very silent. At the Battle of El Teb, he won the Victoria Cross; the Arabs rushed a corner of the British square, when Wilson flung himself into the breach. At the critical moment, his sword broke in two, but, nothing daunted, he went for the enemy with his fists, hitting out so cleverly that h: escaped with only a slight wound.

These are the sea-dogs who command our different Fleets, and with whom the Russian Admiral risked a conflict.

Photo by *Russell and Son*

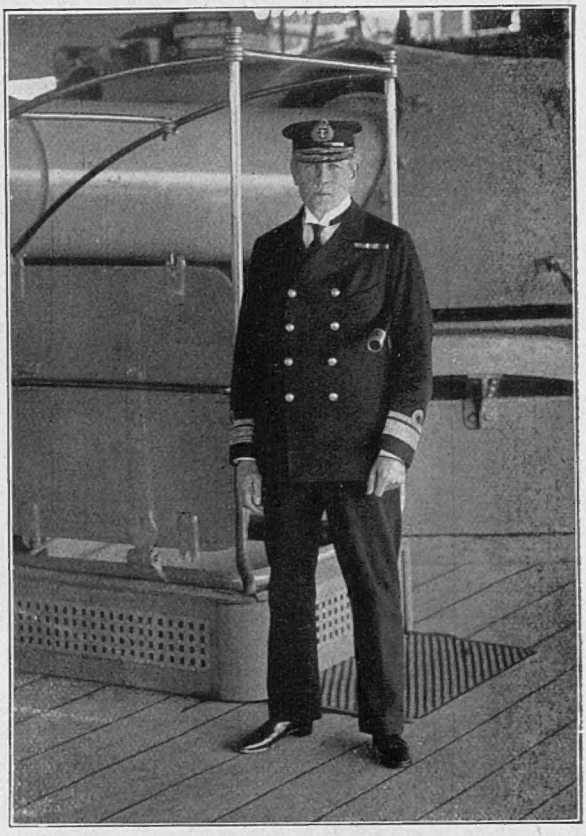
Sir Charles Hardinge

British Ambassador at St. Petersburg

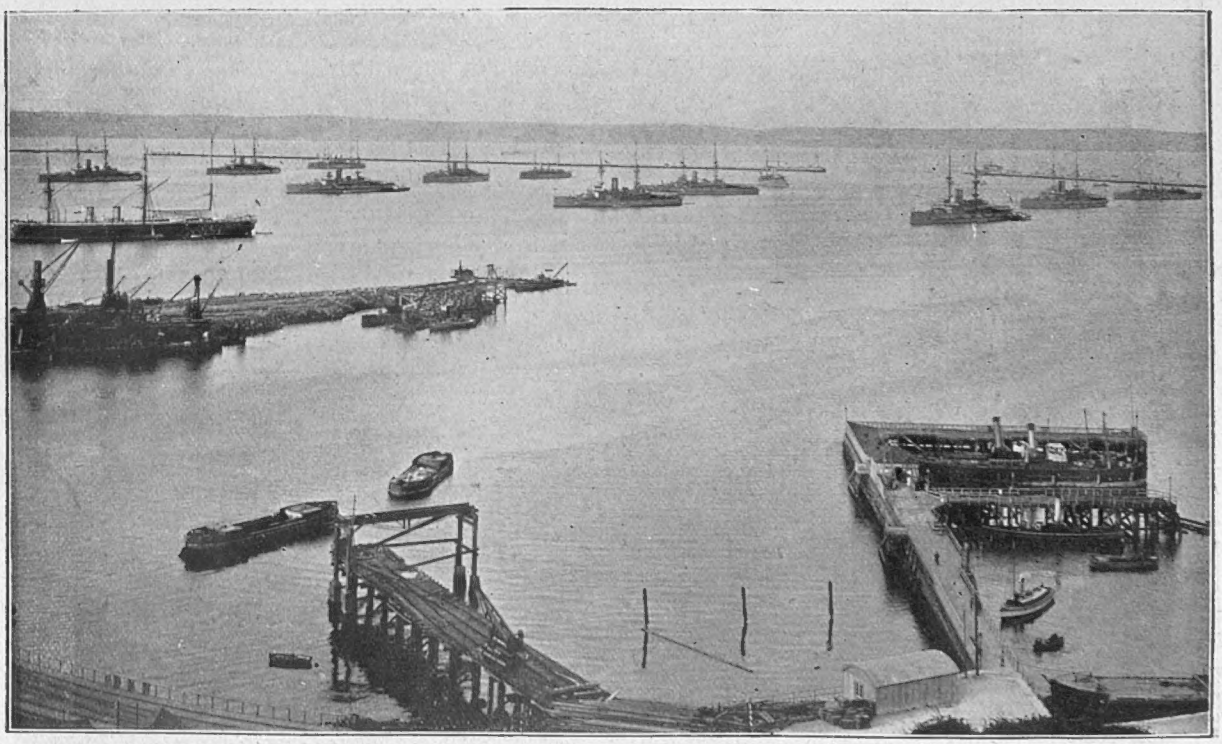
Funeral Cortege of the victims of the Russian Naval Fire passing through the streets of Hull

With the Channel Fleet

Admiral Lord Charles Beresford on his flag-ship, H.M.S. "Cæsar"



Rear-Admiral Francis C. B. Bridgeman, M.V.O., on H.M.S. "Victorious"



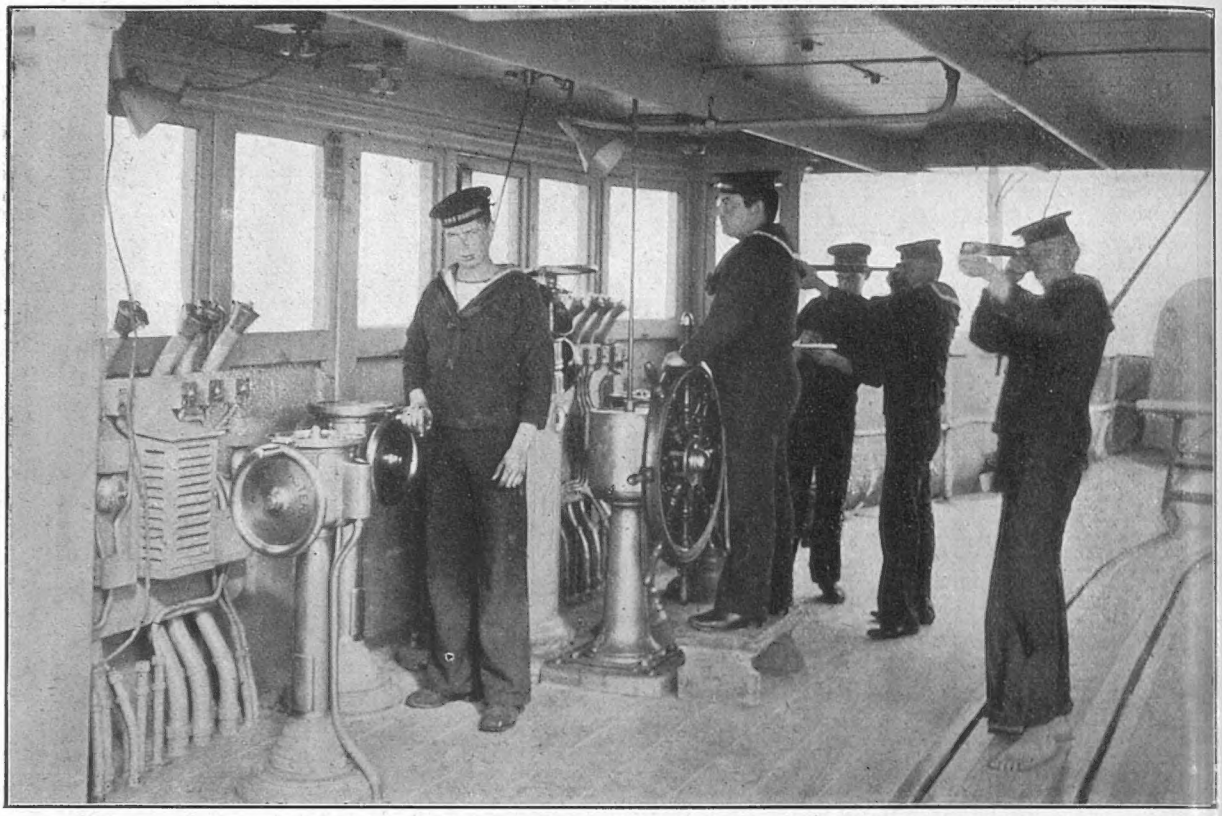
Photos by *Gale and Polden*

The latest photograph of the Channel Fleet

The Fleet set sail from Portland Roads, seen in the illustration, about a fortnight ago for Gibraltar, which is the customary ground for firing practice. The Fleet was at Gibraltar when the affair of the Baltic Fishing Fleet occurred. Included in the Fleet are His Majesty's ships *Cæsar, Doris, Endymion. Hermes, Hannibal, Jupiter, Illustrious, Mars, Magnificent, Majestic Theseus*, an *Victorious*

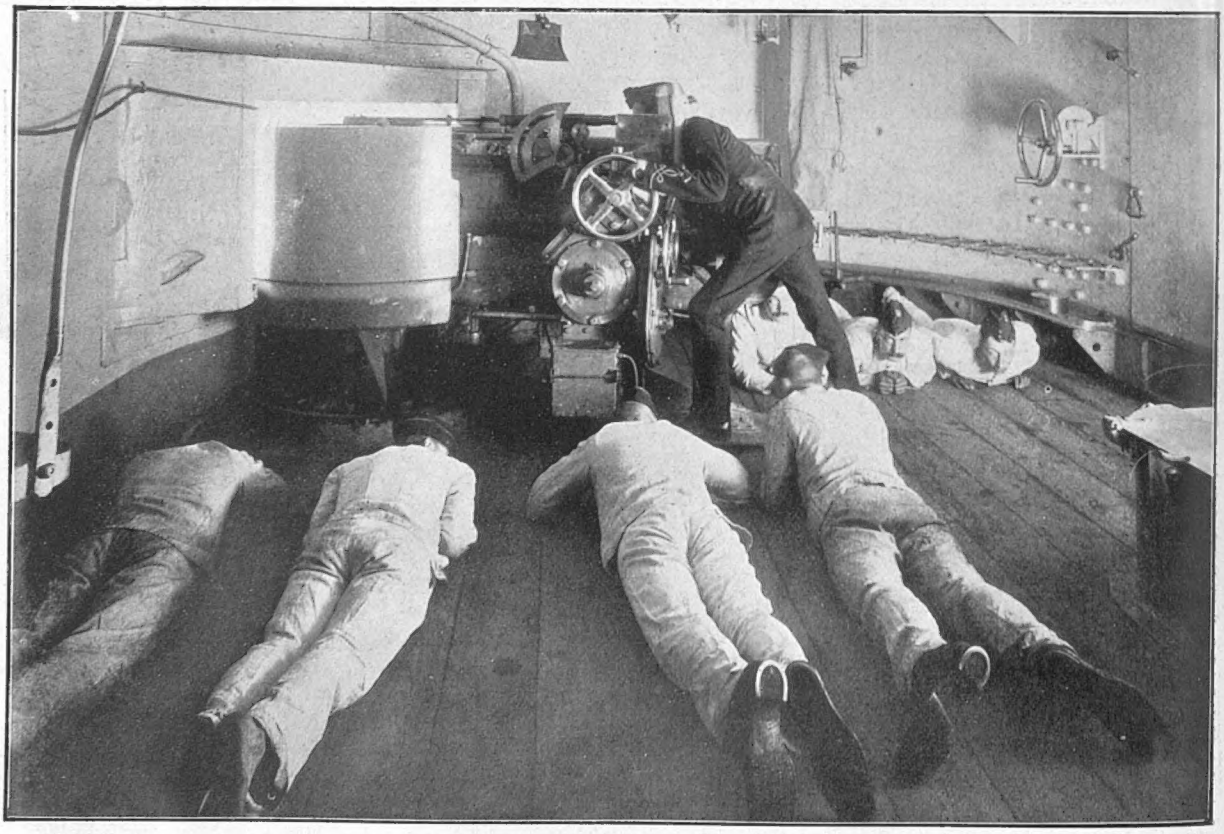
WITH THE CHANNEL FLEET: ABOVE DECK

(Continued from page 325)



At the Helm of the "Hannibal"

At the steering gear there are always look-out men, with telescopes constantly fixed on the Admiral's flag-ship, signals from which direct the course of the Fleet

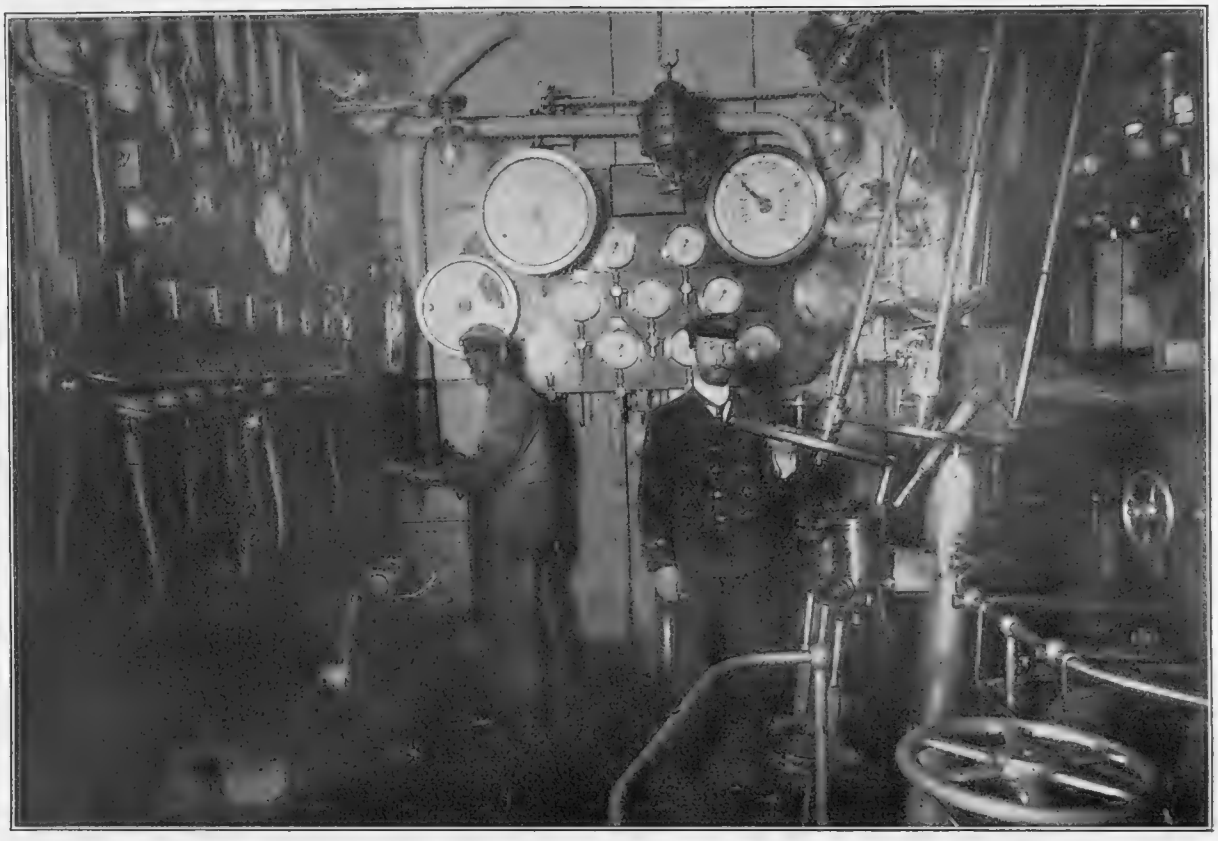


Photos by *Gale and Polden*

Preparing to Ram on H.M.S. "Magnificent"

When the order "Prepare to Ram" is given out, the whole crew throw themselves flat on the decks, as this is the position in which the least concussion is felt

WITH THE CHANNEL FLEET: BELOW DECK



Down in the Engine Room of the "Mars"

Photos by *Gale and Polden*

In the Stokehole of the "Hannibal"

On the right of the illustration is seen the receptacle for the oil, which, as fuel, is largely superseding coal

WITH THE CHANNEL FLEET

(Continued from page 327)

Photo by Gale and Polden

The Stern Torpedo Tube, H.M.S. "Jupiter"

The terrible predicament of Mr. Bailey, who, returning home from Monte Carlo in a "tramp steamer," was mistaken by one of the Baltic Fleet for Admiral Togo in the Bay of Biscay

People of Interest

A Wedding of the Week

Miss Alice des Voeux, whose name, by-the-bye, was changed yesterday to Lady Cuninghame, is a handsome girl, in a dark oriental style of beauty. Her mother, Lady des Voeux, a daughter of the late Sir John Pender, makes a charming hostess, and has given many pleasant dances at her house in Cadogan Square. Sir Thomas Cuninghame, the bridegroom, is a fine upstanding young Scotchman, with a gallant record to his credit in the late Boer War. He was, in fact, rather severely wounded while serving in South Africa, and received the D.S.O. for his services. Sir Thomas is the owner of a fine place in Ayrshire and another in Lanarkshire; he is very well off, and one of the most popular of Northern landlords. In addition to these advantages, he is a claimant to the now dormant Earldom of Glencairn, as the founder of his house was the second son of the fourth Earl. In the days of old there was a deadly feud between his family and that of the Montgomeries, a Scottish version of the Montagues and Capulets. In the end it terminated amicably in marriage, and the present head of the house is known as Sir Thomas Montgomery Cuninghame.

Mr. and Mrs. Bourchier

The latest, and a very characteristic, portrait of Miss Violet Vanbrugh forms the subject of our frontispiece this week. By the time these lines appear Mr. Bourchier will have produced his new play at the Garrick Theatre *The Walls of Jericho*, by Mr. Alfred Sutro, in which Miss Vanbrugh plays the *rôle* of Lady Alethea Frobisher. With his usual generosity

Photo by *Thompson*

Captain Sir T. Montgomery Cuninghame, D.S.O., Rifle Brigade

Photo by *Langfier*

Miss Alice des Voeux

Whose wedding was celebrated yesterday at St. Peter's, Eaton Square

Mr. Bourchier devoted the proceeds of the first night to the fund for the relief of those who suffered by the Russian outrage. Mr. Bourchier is one of the busiest of men, and when at home spends a considerable portion of his time at his desk.

Photo by *Ellis and Walery*

Mr. Arthur Bourchier at home

Mr. Bourchier is handing the proceeds of the first night of *The Walls of Jericho*, produced at the Garrick Theatre on Monday, to the wives and families of the sufferers in the Russian outrage on the North Sea trawlers

Colonel W. F. Cody

Colonel Cody, more familiarly known as Buffalo Bill, has taken his last farewell of England in his capacity of showman, and, when a week or so back he went on board the *Campania*, he received a hearty send-off from the many friends whom he has made in this country. His contingent of redskins, who could not be persuaded to leave their "long-haired white chief," accompanied him. The first idea of the greatest show that was ever gathered under one management came to him when, as a small boy, he played at "pale-faces and redskins," a game much in favour with the boys of the Western States in those days, with his three little sisters, and even then he began to rehearse all the details of the famous "Wild West" show. Before, however, he found himself in a position to carry out the scheme, he went through many strange adventures, and saw a great deal of life. As a pony express rider, many attempts were made to hold him up, but it is his proud boast that he was never once stopped. On one occasion he arrived at the end of his post only to find that the man who should have relieved him had been shot dead by Indians.

Photo by *Reeves*

Colonel W. F. Cody

"Buffalo Bill" has just bidden a last farewell to England, and has taken with him the best wishes of the people among whom he has been a popular figure for so many years

Without hesitating a moment he threw the saddle from one pony to another, and rode on, but had not completed the post before he saw signs of Indians in the neighbourhood. Looking ahead, he caught sight of a chief whose men were up in arms against the whites. Unable to get past without encountering him, he seized his rifle in preparation for an attack. After circling round him for some time, the Indian fired, and almost simultaneously young Bill let fly, and was successful in killing his opponent. Riding on, he finished his post in safety, thus covering upwards of 100 miles in one day's ride. Thousands of admirers in this country will wish Colonel Cody every success in his plans for working his mining and ranching interests "out West," and that he may enjoy a well-earned rest when he retires from his strenuous and active life.

The Queen of the Leopards

This is the title the public have rightly bestowed upon Mme. Louise Morelli, through her recent success in training a group of six animals, made up of leopards, panthers, and jaguars, to perform together. It is the only group of its kind in the world, and wherever it appears attracts more than ordinary notice. Just now it is to be seen in New York, and is expected to appear in this country shortly. This interesting lady animal trainer is connected with Mr. Frank C. Bostock's establishment, and he looks upon her as one of the most daring and successful lady trainers he has ever had. Mme. Morelli is a Frenchwoman, small of stature and rather frail, but her nerve and quiet self-possession are truly wonderful. The leopard is regarded as the most dangerous of animals to handle, and to enter an arena boldly and put a number of them through their evolutions demands both nerve and pluck. It was only a few months ago, while performing in Paris, that Mme. Morelli got a very serious bite from one of her leopards. Indeed, she has had several exciting escapes, perhaps the most wonderful being that which occurred some little time ago in Philadelphia. She had nearly finished her "turn" when the lights suddenly went out. Her biggest leopard becoming frightened sprang at her. He landed upon her back, taking her entire back hair into his mouth. He jumped back as quickly as he sprang, evidently not relishing the numerous short and spiky hairpins that Mme. Morelli always uses.

Mme. Morelli, the noted animal trainer

Who is now appearing in New York with her leopards, jaguars, and panthers, and will shortly pay a visit to this country

Photo by *The Photo. Linol Co.*

Mrs. Brown-Potter and the Survivors of the Balaclava Charge at the Alhambra

Mrs. Brown-Potter was a star performer at the Eighth Annual Smoking Concert on behalf of the Light Brigade Survivors' Relief Fund, recently held at the Alhambra, and gave her well-known recitation of "The Charge of the Light Brigade"

"At the Sign of the Times"

Annoying Facts

The Neapolitan Chamber of Commerce *v.* Baedeker has been one of the most interesting cases of the month. Italy is a great and picturesque country, but it harbours beggars, railway thieves, mosquitoes, and other torments of the night in great quantities. These are facts, and Baedeker, who prides himself upon facts, mentions them in his guide to Italy. Why should he not? Why should he—asks the Neapolitan Chamber of Commerce—seeing that they are not peculiar to Italy? It is—says the Chamber—invidious. It gives a distinction to Italy which Italy does not claim. In spite of appeals, Baedeker has refused to withdraw his statements. Now it rests with the N.C.C. either to write a more charming guide-book than Baedeker's, or to stamp out the little pests. The latter seems the more rational step to take; though, as the American lady put it—"She'd go to Rome, even if it was knee-deep in bugs."

On Giving Tips

The Finsbury Borough Council means to show London what progress is. It has requested householders to discontinue the practice of giving tips to dustmen. We understand that the dustmen intend to request the Finsbury Borough Council to discontinue the practice of giving tips to householders.

Wanted—Early Dustmen

Apropos of dustmen, the real endeavour of a progressive council should be to make them more seasonable in their comings and goings. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that a windy day rarely passes without some indignant householder writes to the papers to ask why the refuse of his neighbour's dust-bin should be blown into his face at all hours of the morning and afternoon; why dust-carts should stand about the public streets uncovered; why London should be behind Paris, Berlin, Irkutsk, and Borodina, in this particular matter. Nothing comes of all these letters. Except, of course, the irrepressible dustman, whom many householders would only too gladly tip to go away.

Theatrical Items

"Yet another play by a dramatist," says the *St. James's Gazette*, "is on the stocks." Evidently, if this sort of thing continues, there will soon be no one but dramatists writing plays.

It is stated that a permanent chorus of fifty voices will sing at the Coliseum. They will, however, have a rest now and then.

A non-copyright title for a new play dealing with that hard-worked heroine, Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall, is—it seems—not so easy to find. Mr. Fred Terry, for his forthcoming production, has hit upon—"Sweet Dorothy o' th' Hall." Future playwrights will be hard put to it. The only possible version we can suggest is—"Sw't D'r'thy o' th' H'll," and even this looks like plagiarism.

Opening

The proprietors of the latest monthly publication have advertised it, modestly enough, as "the Magazine which opens flat." Such a description hardly sounds attractive until we discover

After his first party

NURSE: "Well, Master George, have you enjoyed yourself and been a good boy?"

MASTER GEORGE: "Yes, thank you nurse, I've been a good boy, and I've had three oranges, and five ice-creams, and three pieces of cake, and four glasses of lemonade, and an apple, and two helpings of pudding—(Sighs). Put me to bed, and whatever you do don't BEND me"

that it refers to its make-up rather than to its contents.

Admiral Rojhdestvensky's Explanation

(Translated from the original Russian.)

I thought I saw some Japanese
Torpedo boats (with sails).
I looked again, and saw they were
Only a school of whales
"Just fire across their bows," I said,
"In case they carry mails."

"We cannot see," my gunners cried;
"The night it is so dark."
"No matter," I returned, "'twill be
Both practice and a lark."
I s'pose that is the reason why
They went and hit their mark.

The (Utopian) Daily News. The Best for Catching Flies.

The (Utopian) Daily Mail. You can use it instead of Blinds.

The (Utopian) Times. Unrivalled for Cleaning Windows.

The (Utopian) National Review. As good as a Down Quilt.

The (Utopian) Nineteenth Century. Will wear like Bricks.

(With handsome acknowledgments to "Hearth and Home")

"Bystander" Trials of Tact (I.) The Question

A, a sympathiser with the Passive Resistance Movement, has bought at auction the forks of B, a Passive Resister—the said forks having been distrained upon in lieu of B's unpaid "priest's rate."

Photo by *Peirce and Jones*

Filipino Students whose education is paid for by the American Government

These four Filipino boys were brought to America at the expense of the Government, and entered at the School of Industrial Art, Philadelphia, with the idea of their obtaining an art education, and going back to the Philippines to teach the natives. The names of the boys are —Ramon Nakpil, Gregorio Paredes, Carlos Baretto, and Andreas Aquilar

Journalism in Utopia

The public, always a little conservative in literary matters, is still, no doubt, inclined to consider the contents of its periodicals as scarcely less important than its make-up. This disinclination to move with the times is bound eventually to yield to pressure. Posterity, dwelling perhaps in that Utopia which Mr. H. G. Wells is busy in outlining for us, will in all probability refuse to buy any literature—particularly periodical literature—that does not at the same time serve some useful purpose. Proprietors of the future will have to advertise their wares in some such way as this:—

Though A sympathises with the Movement, he also imagined at the time of buying the forks that they were silver, and consequently went as far as to give fifteen shillings for them. He finds, however, that they are lead, and worth four-and-six at the outside.

What should A say under these circumstances?

What should B do?

The Answer

It is not easy to answer these questions off-hand. "Mousie" is wrong in supposing that B should return A his fifteen shillings, for that would be equivalent to paying the "priest's rate"—a thing B would never, never do. It will be sufficient, we

think, for B to remind A that he was serving the cause, however unwillingly. A, under these circumstances, would be justified, in our opinion, in saying whatever came uppermost, provided, of course, there were no ladies present.

MINIMUS.

Without Apology

The disease people suffer from who are sick of Bill Bailey—Bill-iousness.

There is stated to be a great improvement in the demand for rubber. Is this an effect of the popularity of Bridge?

Canon Bristow has been recommending men of high standing to become licensed victuallers, while Canon Horsley has been condemning the proposal. People are now left in doubt. In the words of the poet :—

Canon to right of them,
Canon to left of them,
Volleyed and thundered,
While all the world wondered.

A great deal was heard at the Beck inquiry about Marks. Really after Thanet we had hoped to have obtained a respite from the subject.

It is stated on good authority that one important result of the North Sea incident is that "Constant Reader," "Britisher," and other eminent newspaper correspondents, have laid in a large stock of pens and paper.

Photo by *Overton*

The Russian Outrage: Two of the shot-riddled trawlers

The trawlers, *Moulmein* and *Mino*, which were disabled by the Russian fire. The crosses mark the places where the shots struck them

Bystander Philosophy

Position is ten points of the law.

A house in Park Lane is worth two in Shepherd's Bush.

It is better to have loved a short girl than never to have loved a tall.

When a husband has been married about three weeks he comes to a decisive conclusion. Marriage is not so bad as he thought it was. It is worse.

When a lover commits suicide, the jury return a verdict of death during temporary insanity. Comment is superfluous.

Marriage is like a besieged city. Those outside want to get in, and those inside want to get out.

Scepticism is the beginning of knowledge. And knowledge is the end of belief.

The Russian Outrage on the North Sea Fishing Fleet: Scene at St. Andrew's Dock, Hull, on the arrival of the trawlers

Large fragments of shell were picked up on the decks of the *Moulmein* and the *Mino*, and the cook of the *Moulmein* was blown right out of the galley

CONCERNING MR. HENRY J. WOOD

(NO. 48 OF THE SERIES)

The back of Mr. Henry Wood's head is one of the sights of London. Visitors to our capital go to see it almost as eagerly as they troop to the inspection of the Tower or Westminster Abbey: it is as impressive as the one and as beautiful as the other. Splendidly luxuriant as it is, however, it is rather for what it conceals than for what it displays that we value it. Beneath that opulent growth of hair dwells the brain that is not only Mr. Wood's, but also that of the Queen's Hall Orchestra. All honour to its convolutions!

Conductors with genius are almost as rare in British music as they are in British omnibuses; and they have almost as hard a time of it—the more so if they happen to hold, with Mr. Henry Wood, that conducting can only be done properly standing up. He knows what it is to be on his feet, when rehearsals are going on, for nine hours in the day. Moreover, during the whole of this time he is engaged with a complex mental effort, which is probably not the case of the other kind of conductor.

It should be noted, too, by anyone appraising the work of Mr. Wood in getting together one of the finest orchestras in the world, that rehearsals are not a strong point with British instrumentalists. No players like them. "Bid me rehearse, and I'll enchant thine ear," was never the motto of the average musician. But in Germany, and elsewhere abroad, they have to have them (as Mr. Harry Randall used to sing) whether they like it or not. They are required to rehearse four times to an English orchestra's once. The painfully sordid reason of this is the fact that the salary of a foreign instrumentalist in his own country is about a quarter of what it is here; and as everyone is paid for rehearsal work, the business aspect of the thing is clear enough. The amount of natural genius and personal magnetism that is required in order to cope with this limitation can only be imagined by those having some practical experience of the work that Mr. Wood does so admirably.

It is not in his own country, of course, that a prophet expects to have the most honour; and there are members of that remarkably-constituted body, the musical critics of England, who find the methods and effects of Mr. Wood anything but excellent. But those of them to whom most authority attaches —and this includes all of them who understand music, as well as a number who do not—agree in hailing Mr. Wood as a great interpreter of great music, a man with ideas, individuality, and sincerity.

In music, however, the opinion of the foreigner weighs with most of us, however small may be the value we put upon his ideas on the subject of cold baths, table manners, and the general conduct of life. The opinion of the foreigner is much in favour of the famous Queen's Hall conductor. One of the most noted leaders of that opinion, Otto Lessman, the Berlin critic, has given Mr. Wood a ponderous pat on the head. "In Mr. Wood," this gentleman told the world, after hearing his work at the Sheffield Festival two years ago, "the English capital has now found a young conductor who carries his vocation considerably beyond the late Sir Arthur Sullivan." Then Herr Lessman went on to a purple patch of which its subject may well be proud. "Here we have," said he, "a born condu tor, a man with sensitive and vibrating nerves, who has made an intimate study of each work he performs, and breathes into them all a new life."

This account of Mr. Wood, like a certain preparation of which most of us have heard, touches the spot. It is this originality of treatment, combined with an insight into the meaning of the works he performs, which is matched by no other English musician, that gives Mr. Wood his great position in the musical world. Like all originality and all genius, it has raised up detractors against him; but he is among the fortunate ones who enjoy the rewards of such qualities in a full measure during their lives.

Opinions differ widely, no doubt, as to the particular work of Mr. Wood's which best entitles him to admiration. But few will deny merit, and many give the highest praise, to his dealings with Wagner's opera. There was once, and not so very many years ago, a talented critic of music in this country whose conviction it was that no work had ever been done that was quite so good as that of the English musicians. "Hardly may one go to hear Mass in St. Pauls," he wrote, "but one shall hear the quirks of some salacious Frenchman insult the bones of old Boyce in the crypt below;" and he it was who alluded, in passing, to Mendelssohn as "one Felix M. Bartholdi, himself no mean musician, and a friend of our illustrious Horsley." But such an attitude is rare nowadays; and musical England is grateful to Mr. Wood for rendering Wagner to them as no native musician has done before, in such a way as to excite the enthusiasm of critics from those German wilds, where every wayside publican has his views on the difficult question of *leit motif*, and the cabmen and cheesemongers line up outside the early doors to go and hear the interminable "Gotterdämmerung."

Mr. Wood is but thirty-four years old. At that age he is, and deserves to be, the central figure in the English musical world.

The Genial Autocrat of the "Proms"

MATTERS MUSICAL

Senor Sarasate's Return

That Senor Sarasate is ever a welcome visitor to London was abundantly demonstrated at his first recital last week. He gave a skilful interpretation of Bach's Second Sonata for Piano and Violin, and, as far as one could hear, his tone on the lower strings was as beautiful as ever. The piano was occasionally rather too much for the violin, and one cannot congratulate Dr. Otto Neitzel on being an ideal accompanist: he seems to have only two expressions, one so loud as to completely drown the unfortunate soloist, and the other almost inaudible. He was heard to great advantage, however, in Chopin's Ballade in A flat, the spirit of which he seemed to have caught exactly. Carl Goldmark's Second Suite is a brilliant and sparkling composition, of no overpowering interest; it was well played by both performers. His Excellency—Senor Sarasate is decorated with the Grand Cross of Isabel la Catolica of Spain—unlike the prodigies of to-day, only made his first appearance in London when he was nearly 20 years of age, but he at once succeeded in endearing himself to all lovers of the artistic, and still stands high in their affections.

Bronislaw Hubermann

The young Polish violinist who recently gave two highly successful violin recitals at St. James's Hall

Albani's Mishap at Dublin

It must have been a novel experience, even to the redoubtable Madame Albani, to sing at a concert in the dark. The electric light lacked that courtesy which one associates with all things Irish, and was so inconsiderate as to fail in the middle of a solo from Wagner. One is hardly surprised to hear that Madame, with her vivacious temperament, not only completed her song, but sang again, the darkness still prevailing. On retiring from the stage she had the ill-fortune to slip and was considerably shaken, though she is to be congratulated on not sustaining a serious injury.

"Gerontius" at Queen's Hall

The London Choral Society chose for their opening concert this season Sir Edward Elgar's *Dream of Gerontius*, which, it will be remembered, they were the first to perform (in a concert-room). They faced the enormous difficulties of the work with laudable courage, and succeeded in giving a most impressive rendering of it. It is significant of the work which they have spent on it that only once was any trace of indecision noticeable in taking up a lead in the amazing web of chorus and semi-chorus which represents the choir of the Angelicals. Mr. Gervase Elwes gave an almost perfect reading of the part of "Gerontius," and showed a comprehension not often, alas! to be discovered, in interpreting the ideas of poets. Miss Marie Brema sang the part of the Angel exceedingly well, and few who were present will forget her singing of the triumphant "Alleluia" which heralds the soul's release. Mr Ffrangçon-Davies was a little indistinct at times, but sang with feeling throughout. Mr. Fagge is to be heartily congratulated on the performance as a whole, which was considerably nearer perfection than last year's.

Forthcoming Concerts

As the season goes on, more and more concerts are being arranged. This week's programme is a full one:

Wednesday, November 2
Prince's Galleries. Concert-Goers' Club. Mr. Findon's Lecture, "Disabilities of English Musicians," at 8.45.
Bechstein Hall. Miss Law's Piano Recital, at 8.30.

Thursday, November 3
Albert Hall. Mme. Clara Butt's Concert, at 8.

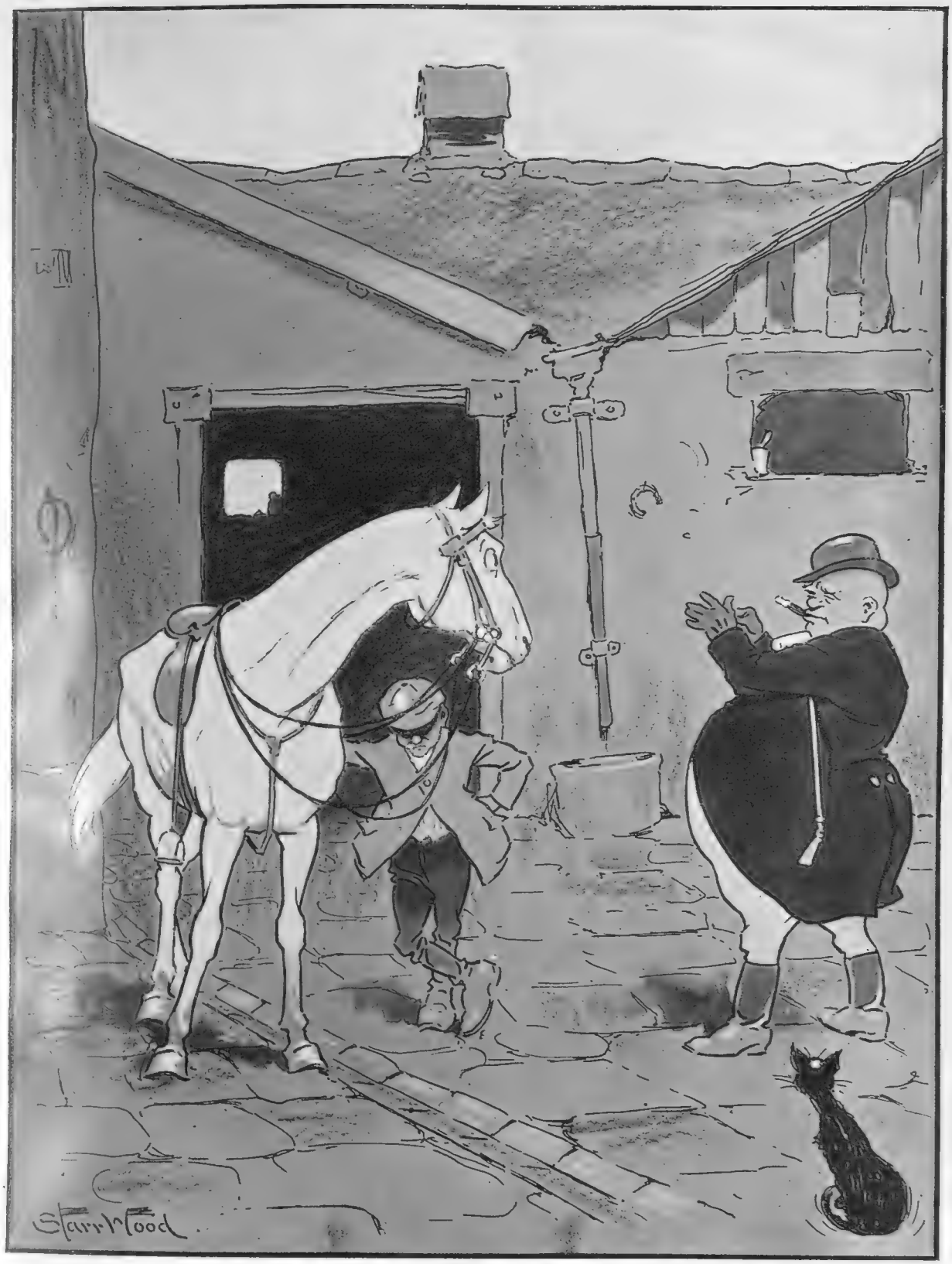
Friday, November 4
Bechstein Hall. Mr. McInnes' Song Recital, at 8.30.

Saturday, November 5
Queen's Hall. Chappell Ballad Concert, at 3.
Bechstein Hall. Mme. Blanche Marchesi's Recital, at 3.30.

Monday, November 7
Æolian Hall. Misses Venning and Dolmetsch's Concert, at 8.

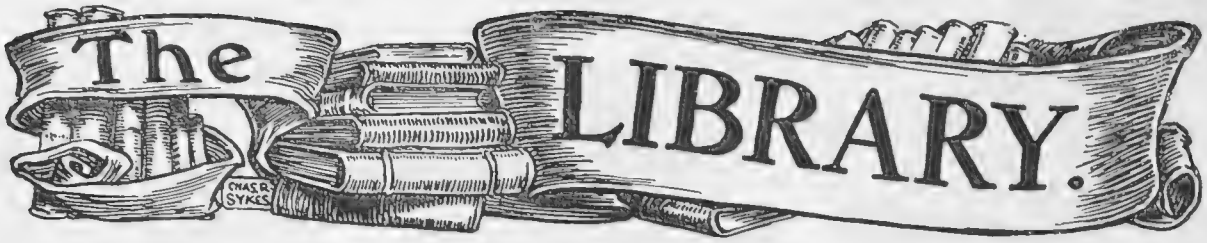
Tuesday, November 8
Salle Erard. Miss Leginska's Piano Recital, at 3.
Bechstein Hall. Senor Sarasate's Violin Recital, at 3.

H. F.



AN OLD SAW RE-SET

If horses had wishes some beggars would ride—motors



Books to Order this Week

GENERAL LITERATURE

"The Sin of David." A Poetical Drama. By Stephen Phillips. (Macmillan.)

"The Life of the Duke of Devonshire." By Henry Leach. Illustrated. (Methuen: 12*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"The Humours of Scottish Life." By the Very Rev. John Gillespie, LL.D., a noted *raconteur* as well as ex-Moderator of the Church of Scotland. (Blackwood: 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"Sunshine and Sentiment in Portugal." By Gilbert Watson. (Arnold: 12*s.* 6*d.* net.)

NEW FICTION

"Morganatic." By Max Nordau. Translated by Elizabeth Lee. (Chatto and Windus: 6*s.*)

"The Undercurrent." By Judge Robert Grant. A novel dealing largely with the anomalies of the Divorce Laws in the United States. (Hutchinson: 6*s.*)

"1001 Indian Nights." By Sarath Kumar Ghosh. A book of Indian Stories, written by a native. (Heinemann: 6*s.*)

"The Silent Places." By Stewart Edward White. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6*s.*)

"There and Back." By Frank Richardson. (Chatto and Windus: 6*s.*)

"Sir Roger's Heir." By Frankfort Moore. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6*s.*)

"The Call of the Town." By J. A. Hammerton. (Everett and Co.: 3*s.* 6*d.*)

OUR WEEKLY BOOK-LETTER

From Jasper Speke, *Barrister-at-Law, to* Sir John Heavitree, *Bart., Lestead Hall, Norfolk*

Fleet Street, October 31, 1904

My Dear Squire,—

It is always pleasant to come across the work of a writer entirely unknown to one, and to recognise great qualities in it. One looks through so many books in the course of the year, books with unfamiliar names on their title-pages, and seldom does one find anything above the commonplace, or even indications pointing to gifts which may carry the author into the ranks of the successful. But occasionally the unexpected happens, and a new writer of power and originality comes out from the waste of cloth and paper, and stamps his individuality on one's mind. Such a writer is Stewart Edward White, whose novel, *The Silent Places* (Hodder and Stoughton), is a striking achievement. Mr. White, by the way, has a previous book to his credit, so that he is not a novice, but his name is unfamiliar to me, and, I expect, to you.

The story of *The Silent Places* is merely that of the tracking and bringing to justice of an Indian thief by two trappers of the Hudson's Bay Company. It tells of how they set out in the early summer, and describes the incidents and accidents of their journey, which ends in a dogged chase in the cruel frost and snow-bound barren lands of the far North. Its value lies in the wonderful way in which the author has brought out the meaning of the Titanic struggle between man on the one side and the mighty forces of nature on the other The mysterious influences of the great forests and water-ways, the relentless scourge of the bitter winter, the pain and perseverance, the strength of mind and limb, created in the last extremity afresh in the dauntless soul of man; these are great things, and they are handled in a way that thrills you to the core. There are certain scenes towards the end of the book which can hardly be read with comfort, but the appeal to the elemental passions of pity and terror is based on nothing but the struggle between man and nature. *The Silent Places* is a fine story finely told, and will surely earn for its writer some portion of the meed of popularity. A word must be said in praise of the beautiful coloured drawings with which it is illustrated.

There is nothing in my list this week which at all compares with *The Silent Places*, but I have several entertaining novels which I can recommend to you.

Mr. Frank Richardson's *There and Back* (Chatto and Windus) is packed tight with humour. There is a laugh on almost every page of it. But its inconsequence is so daring as somewhat to spoil its own effect, and the peg of plot upon which its audacities are hung is not developed in such a way as to withdraw attention from its innate riskiness. Still, the hilarious audacity of its pages makes this a book to be read with appreciation.

Mr. Frankfort Moore's excursions into the realms of eighteenth century comedy are always delightful. His wit is as nimble as ever in *Sir Roger's Heir* (Hodder and Stoughton), his style as light and attractive, and the adventures undergone by his characters both thrilling and entertaining. In addition to these attractions, Mr. Moore's story reintroduces us to old and well-loved friends. Sir Roger is none other than that worthy knight of whom Addison wrote, and his heir is the gallant Captain Sentry. All the rest of them are there—Will Wimble, the Parson, Tom Matthews, Tom Touchy, and others; and the mother of Betty Arable, the charming heroine, is none other than that fascinating widow for whom Sir Roger confessed a partiality to his friend, the Spectator.

It is enough to say that Mr. Frankfort Moore has made us feel that we know these delightful people better than before.

The Call of the Town, by J. A. Hammerton (Everett and Co.), is the early life-story of a young journalist who fought his way up from the bottom of the ladder in a provincial town to a place near the top in the blessed regions of Fleet Street. As giving an insight into the details of a profession that interests most people, the book is worthy of all praise. The author knows his journalistic world, and writes of it with sympathy and understanding.

Sunshine and Sentiment in Portugal, by Gilbert Watson (Arnold), is a pleasantly unscientific account of a scientific expedition. The personal equation counts for righteousness in this case. "Senhor Guilberto" has an eye for a maid, and a passion for the open road, with a literary touch of blessed lightness. "Columba" is a charming creation—perhaps one should say reminiscence—but in this author one scents the poet rather than the historian.

Believe me, my dear Squire,
Ever yours sincerely,
JASPER SPEKE.

Books to Appear Shortly

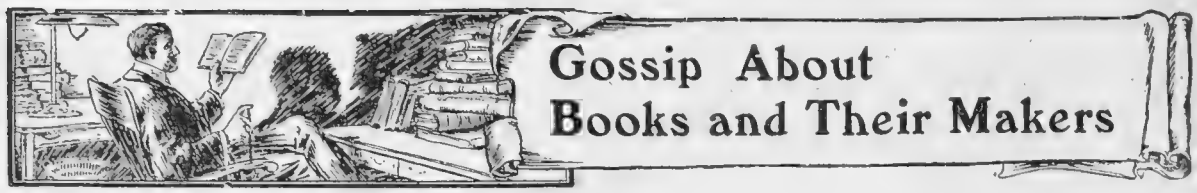
Sir James Graham used to say that, when all else that he had done had been forgotten, he would still be remembered as the Home Secretary who tampered with private letters at the Post Office. It is to be feared that Sir James was not far wrong in this estimate, for the present generation probably knows nothing of his sound work at the Admiralty, both under Lord Grey and Lord Derby, and his good service in resisting Disraeli's attempts to restore Protection has long since passed out of general knowledge. It is satisfactory, therefore, to learn that justice is to be done to his memory in a "Life," which Mr. Murray is to publish in two volumes, edited by Mr. C. S. Parker, who performed a similar service for Sir Robert Peel some years ago. It was under the administration of Sir Robert Peel that Graham acted as Home Secretary during the unfortunate affair of the Post Office, which caused a storm of popular indignation to burst upon him, and covered *Punch* with some of its most famous cartoons. Graham, as a matter of fact, was only acting for the Foreign Secretary in issuing the warrant for the opening of the letters—the object being to communicate the information thus obtained to foreign Governments who suspected that plots were being hatched against them in England—but the Home Secretary was made the scapegoat for the whole miserable business.

Madame Adam (Juliette Lamber), who is one of the most interesting literary women that Paris has known since the time of Madame de Staël, is giving us another volume of her memoirs through Mr. Fisher Unwin next month. Her last book of reminiscences was entitled the *Romance of My Childhood and Youth*; now she gives us *My Literary Life*, the most entertaining pages of which will deal with her personal recollections of the Empire, when Madame Adam assembled round her a brilliant *salon* of wits, artists, and politicians. Her volume contains reminiscences of Meyerbeer, Merimée, Lamartine, Thiers, Taine, Renan, Wagner, Berlioz, Sainte-Beuve, and many other famous men. Two years after the death of her second husband, Senator Edmond Adam, in 1877, Madame Adam founded the *Nouvelle Revue*, and for twenty years edited it herself, but we believe that her forthcoming volume does not carry her quite as far as that.

Messrs. Jack are starting a series of reprints of "The Lives of the Kings," which, written when the Tudors and early Stuarts were upon the throne, have long since fallen into undeserved forgetfulness. For these old chroniclers, if they were not fastidious over their facts, were masters of the picturesque prose which was characteristic of their age, and held with Plutarch that biography is the soundest method of history. The best of their "Lives" are to be reprinted under the general editorship of Mr. Charles Whibley, beginning with Edward Hall's *Chronicle of Henry VIII.*, taken from his great work on "The Union of the Noble and Illustre Famelies of Lancastre and York." First published in 1542, the book was completed by Grafton in 1550; but as its destruction was ordered by Queen Mary in 1555, it is to-day so rare that no complete copy of the first edition is believed to exist. The present reprint is from the edition of 1550.

Mr. Douglas Sladen's *More Queer Things about Japan*, a sequel to his "Queer Things about Japan," which made its first appearance last January, is being published immediately by Messrs. Treherne. Besides Mr. Sladen's own matter, and the sixteen chapters by Miss Norma Lorimer, the new book will contain two remarkable contributions, translated from the Japanese. One of these is a "Life of the Great Napoleon," written and illustrated by the Japanese about 1840; while the other is an account of the Public Harems of Japan, entitled, "The Yoshiwara from Within." This last will be in a separate appendix, and purchasers can obtain the book without it, if they prefer to do so.

Mr. L. T. Hobhouse, author, among other works, of "The Labour Movement" and "Mind in Evolution," has written a book on *Democracy and Reaction*, which Mr. Fisher Unwin will publish very shortly. This is a study of the trend of political events during the last generation in their bearing on the fundamental ideas of Liberalism. It is contended that the period of political reform has been followed by a period of far-reaching reaction, not only in politics, but in every department of thought and action. The author attempts to trace the causes of this, and to show that it is due on the one side to the concentration of the forces of wealth, and on the other to the dissipation of the forces making for social justice—a disaster largely due to the prevalence of false theories of Society.



Lady Travel-Writers

Not the least noteworthy feature of the expansion of feminine life in our time is the contribution which women have made to the literature of travel. Only the other day we lost a famous lady-traveller and author in the person of Mrs. Isabella Bishop, who wrote many valuable books on her experiences in the Far East, her first work having been published nearly fifty years ago. Of course, most of the ladies whose names occur to one in this connection have come to be travellers in association with their husbands. Lady Burton, Lady Brassey, Mrs. Theodore Bent, Mrs. Fanny Workman, and Mrs. Joseph Pennell, are examples, past and present; but others have been explorers on their own account, like Miss Kingsley, Miss Skidmore, Madame de Hell (disquieting name for a peaceful peregrinator), and Mrs. Alec Tweedie. The last-mentioned has just added another to her ever-growing list of books in the shape of a very charming work on "Sunny Sicily, its Rustics and its Ruins." I forgive her hissing and rumbling alliteration, and also her somewhat loose diction at times, for the sake of her unfailing high spirits and her unspoiled capacity of wonder: elements of prime importance in a story of travel.

Photo by *Gunn*

Mrs. Alec Tweedie

Whose charming travel book on "Sunny Sicily" has just been published

Mrs. Alec Tweedie

This lady has achieved the uncommonly difficult task of making a series of popular successes with vivacious descriptions of wanderings in other lands. She has never made so extraordinary a hit as Miss Muriel Dowie did with that brightest of all women's travel-books, "A Girl in the Karpathians," but her first effort had so warm a reception—although it was about "A Girl's Ride in Iceland"—that she was entirely justified in continuing in the line for which her taste, no less than her talent, seemed to fit her. That was nine years ago, and Mrs. Tweedie has since given us five other books descriptive of her experiences in foreign lands, in addition to several works of a biographical character, and a great mass of excellent journalism. Indeed, it is remarkable how much she has been able to accomplish in so short a time. She must be a rapid and methodical worker; for when not spying out new lands for literary conquest, one often meets her, a distinguished guest, at literary gatherings in Town. Her father was the late Dr. Harley, whose life she has written, and her late husband was a grandson of the Dr. Tweedie who founded the London Fever Hospital in 1802.

An Ibsen Anecdote

In her youth (and that is not so long ago) Mrs. Tweedie was ambitious of a theatrical career, but, while she did not realise that ambition, she has always maintained her interest in the stage, and one of the most engaging collections of stagiana published in recent years was her handsome volume, "Behind the Footlights," issued last spring. In view of the news about Dr. Ibsen's state of health, which has necessitated the entire surrender of his literary activities, a personal reminiscence of the great Norwegian dramatist, whom Mrs. Tweedie visited at his home, is worth quoting from the book:

> On the table beside the inkstand (she writes) was a small tray. Its contents were extraordinary—some little wooden carved Swiss bears, a diminutive black devil, small cats, dogs, and rabbits made of copper, one of which was playing a violin. "What are those funny little things?" I ventured to ask. "I never write a single line of any of my dramas unless that tray and its occupants are before me on the table. I could not write without them. It may seem strange—perhaps it is—but I cannot write without them," he repeated. "Why I use them is my own secret." And he laughed quietly.

A Model Guide-Bookman

More than once I have confessed to an affection for the guide-bookman; as with Mr. Robert Barr, the collecting of guide-books is one of my hobbies. I am afraid to estimate how many "Baddeleys" and "Joannes"

are on my shelves to the exclusion of "standard" authors. Mix a little imagination with the reading of a guide-book, and for mental recreation it beats most novels, in my estimation. I am glad to notice that a fifth and enlarged edition of Mr. E. A Reynolds-Ball's "Mediterranean Winter Resorts" has just been issued, for this is a model work of its kind, compiled with obvious care, and thoroughly reliable. This was Mr. Ball's first work, having been originally issued in 1888, and he has produced quite a little library of similar compilations and regular books of travel since then, chiefly relating to the Near East. Mr. Ball is, I suspect, a guide-booker for the pleasure of the pursuit, as he is a gentleman whose means and leisure have enabled him to wander abroad at will. It is really a genuine delight thus to place the fruits of one's personal experience and observation at the service of others. Mr. Ball is one of the growing literary colony at Ealing, where at Eaton Rise he lives with his family when he is not touring awheel on far Continental roads gathering information for his books. Among the famous folk of the past who lived at Ealing were Fielding, Huxley, and Mrs. Oliphant; and to-day one associates the names of Mr. Austin Dobson; Miss Katharine Tynan and her husband Mr. H. A. Hinkson; Mr. John Oxenham; Mr. H. C. Norway; "Wirt Gerrare"; and other popular writers, with that of this pleasant London suburb.

Photo by *Russell*

Mr. E. A. Reynolds-Ball

A well-known traveller and guide-bookman

"Mark Rutherford"

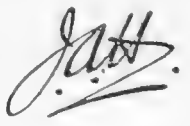
How vain are most of the generalisations to which we literary gossips are so prone. The more I study bookland, the more am I persuaded that it is subject to laws and phenomena which "no mortal can understand." Just now there is an extraordinary awakening of interest in the writings, so long neglected, and in the personality, so studiously sheltered, of "Mark Rutherford" (Mr. William Hale White). A shilling edition of his novels, the first of which, "Mark Rutherford's Deliverance," appeared close on twenty years ago, has been rapidly taken up, and several printings called for. Now, Mr. White's books have none of those meretricious qualities of plot, exciting situations, cheap philosophy, *bizarre* characterisation (as in "John Chilcote, M.P."), which are generally supposed to lead to popular success. They are genuine records of emotion, expressions of spiritual experience, and in no sense the "stuff to sell like hot cakes." One can only suppose that their tardy popularity is a good sign of contemporary taste, just as the success of the sixpenny edition of Meredith was a happy augury of awakening interest in our serious writers on the part of "the general reader."

A Publisher's Blushes

But this pleasant prospect opens out at the same time as the increase of unclean fiction, to which I referred last week, is exercising the minds of those who do not wish to witness our bookshops becoming such advertisements of vice as almost every bookshop in Paris may be said to be. I have been told on excellent authority that the manager of a firm which has issued one of the lecherous novels to which I allude (written by a female) apologised to the binder for placing such a work with him to be handled by young girls. Here is a feature of book production to be considered in discussing this question. Though no one would be more loath than I to see an official censor of literature, the audacity of some of our sensualists is rapidly producing a state of affairs that may demand the attention of the authorities. There are pictures and literature being sold openly in enormous quantities in London at present which ten years back none but some obscure gutter publisher would have dared to bring to light. French wit runs in that direction, but where the French are witty, the English are simply pornographic. I am old-fashioned enough to believe with Mr. Stead that some of these things should be burned by the common hangman — and, perhaps, some of Mr. Stead's own publications (I fancy you will say) might go to feed the same fire!

A Bishop-Novelist

We are all novelists nowadays, and even Mr. Frederic Harrison has been trying his hand, with dubious result, at the art. I do not think that many of our bishops have been tempted into the devious byways of fiction, though the Church bristles with minor dignitaries who have written novels with varying success, and sons and daughters of eminent Churchmen are as plentiful as blackberries among the hordes of fictionists. But it has just occurred to me that in the Bishop of Stepney, who had so unpleasant a reception at the last Church Congress, we have an episcopal novelist. It is seven years since he made his one attempt at a work of fiction, "The Young Clanroy," which I confess I have never read. Dr. Cosmo Gordon Lang was forty years of age on October 31. As a youngster, I used to "sit under" his father, and I remember well how indignant the parishioners were when it was alleged that Dr. Marshall Lang's son found his father's church too "low" to put foot in after coming from Oxford, while many of them were finding it too "high" for their Calvinistic tastes.



THE LITTLE BROWN BIRD

By HAROLD SIMPSON

The October sun shone out cheerily. Great gossamers of dew clung to the heather, finger prints of the frost which had followed a glorious warm day.

"Last year," said the little brown bird to his wife, as he shook the sleep from his feathers, "last year it seems to me that things were different. The foul murderer man was out with his instruments of death before September had scarce rung himself in. Each morning I have told you what we might expect before the day had died, but every evening the sun has set with a glorious red face and brought it up washed and smiling with the dawn, and yet no one has disturbed us."

"It is very unfortunate in a way," sighed his wife, "for the children are becoming unmanageable. I have cried 'wolf' so often that they now laugh at me, and ask me in derision where is the threatened danger I have talked so much about? The present-day generation are not so respectful to their parents as were their forbears. When I was young——"

She broke off with a sigh.

"When you were young, my own?" s id the little brown bird, ever quick to seize the opportunity of bestowing comfort, "you are ever young in my eyes. Time has not ruffled the beauty of a single feather."

A pregnant silence came down upon the heather. In the distance the little brown family could be heard disporting themselves in careless security, while the sun still shone cheerily.

Suddenly upon this Eden a sound of footsteps broke. The little brown bird raised his head, the light of battle in his eye. But his wife lowered hers, and keeping it low to the brown turf, moved with a curious little halting run towards her family.

There was a glint of steel in the bright sunshine. The little brown bird trembled with apprehension. Not for himself, for he had lived too long to know fear; but he thought of his wayward offspring, and of the extremes of self-sacrifice to which a mother's love could go.

He peered cautiously from the heather. There were two of them, two long-legged, rough-coated things, and in their hands the fateful tubes. They stood silent, apparently looking at one another. Down the air came a cackle of foolish laughter from the family, tearing with the rude hand of thoughtless childhood their mother's heart-strings, as with voice trembling with maternal terror she tried to warn them of their danger.

The little brown bird groaned inwardly. He knew the ways of children, and he anticipated with unerring accuracy what was about to happen.

There was a whirr of wings. Straight towards the two figures that still stood motionless, flew the little brown family of five, followed closely by the distracted mother, determined if she could not save them, at least to die with them. The little brown bird did not stop to think. He *had* thought—in anticipation. With all the noise that he could muster he swooped from his hiding-place upon the guns, and his heart leapt as from the corner of his little red eye he saw his family, alive at last to the reality of peril, swerve at a tangent and lose themselves among the heather.

His bosom swelled with mingled thankfulness and exultation. He had lived his little life, what mattered it? he could die bravely and happy. With all his senses tense he listened for the familiar explosion that should follow the flash. But for once in his life experience had played the little brown bird false. There was neither flash nor explosion.

Breathless he sank down amongst the heather. While he lay panting, wondering what miracle had saved him, he heard the sound of a human voice. One of the long-legged creatures was speaking. Slowly he raised his head again. The two were standing very close together looking into one another's eyes, and the little brown bird understood, like all his species, their conversation.

"Curse you!" he heard one of them say, in a low even tone curiously at variance with the violence of his words, "curse you, why did I ever see you? We were so happy till you came."

His voice broke at the recollection.

The other made some reply, too low for the little brown bird to catch.

"I do not blame her so much," the first went on, his voice beginning to rise; "she did not know her danger, and I, perhaps, have been at fault. I neglected her too much. God knows it was not because I did not love her. But you, *you*, to whom I have extended the right hand of fellowship, you, who have enjoyed my hospitality and eaten at my table, with whom I have walked, and rode, and shot, what excuse have you to offer? Miserable cur!"

His voice had now risen to a shout. The other man put up his hand to ward off the blow; the little brown bird trembled with the dread of approaching tragedy, trembled as he had never trembled in his life before, yet did not know why. And at that instant the explosion came, short and sharp. With one glance at the white face of the figure that stood motionless, gun in hand, the smoke still trickling from the barrel; at the still white face of the other figure, that lay with clenched hands staring at the sky, the little brown bird, horror thick upon him, rose from the heather and fled screaming.

When night came down he found his family. Not even to his wife could he bring himself to tell of what he had seen. Only, when the children slept, he drew her very close to him, and in her ear he whispered tender words of love.

Happy little brown bird!

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Photo by *Ellis and Walery*

The Coliseum in St. Martin's Lane, now rapidly nearing completion

This wonderful palace of continuous amusement which will be opened on December 19, will be unequalled for size and magnificence throughout Europe. Spectacular shows and even real horse races are to form part of the programme. The building will seat 4,000 people, who, besides the entertainments on the stage, will have the run of restaurants, lounges, barbers' shops, and reading rooms

BEYOND IMPROVEMENT

THE MISSES THOMPSON : "And how are you to-day, Sandy?"

SANDY : "'Deed, I'm nae better."

THE MISSES T. : "Oh, we're so sorry! What has been wrong?"

SANDY : "Naething!"

A DUBIOUS COMPLIMENT

WELL-KNOWN SPORTSMAN *(taking leave of famous animal painter)*: "Well, good-bye. Pleased to have met you. As you can guess, I'm very fond of animals."

The German Royal Betrothal

THE CROWN PRINCE AND THE PRINCESS CECILIE AT BADEN

The Crown Prince and the Princess Cecilie with her English chaperon, Miss King

The season at Baden has been the most successful ever known, and the place has been thronged with distinguished visitors, including King Edward, the Emperor of Austria, and the Grand Duke Michael of Russia

Partners at Tennis

Crowds of people were attracted to the courts when the young Crown Prince and his beautiful *fiancée* were playing, and much good-humoured comment was indulged in over their success in the mixed doubles

Photos by] **Talking over the points of the game** [*Jungmann and Scharn*

The lady with the white sunshade is Princess Cecilie's mother, the Grand Duchess Anastasie of Mecklenburg-Schwerin

OUR SHORT STORY

A FATAL IMPEDIMENT

By ETHEL AND ARTHUR ROPES

It was a pouring wet afternoon, and Camilla had gone out philanthropising with her friend Miss Dowett; so I had taken advantage of her absence to devote myself to the progress of what Camilla, rather rudely, terms my life-work. It is really a novel, but will cease to deserve that name if it hangs on much longer.

She will not realise that she is the main hindrance to my progress. She has a most undesirable habit of bringing me long letters that she has written to upbraid dilatory tradesmen, or others, who have incurred her wrath, and reading them over, asking me to suggest any alterations. Sometimes I do so, and she loses her temper and refuses to change a word, repents, and tries to alter her epistle, makes it illegible, loses her temper once more, writes the letter all over again, and decides not to send it. By that time my train of thought is off the line, and my mental traffic is blocked for hours.

So it was this afternoon. I had reached a knotty point in my great work (I can call it great without fear of contradiction, as it is certainly voluminous), and was gazing out of my study window, when I heard Camilla's voice in the hall of the flat. I had hardly time to lay down my pen when she burst in, with a row of raindrops fringing the rim of her hat. Her waterproof and umbrella she had left in the hall, and I fancied I could hear the water running from them.

"Augustus, dear," she said, settling down in a comfortable armchair—the only one in my study—while I wheeled my seat round to face her, "I want you to help me You are such a splendid judge of character." It is not often that Camilla pays me such compliments, and never without some ulterior motive. I was, therefore, cautious in my answer.

"I don't know," I said. "I have made some mistakes in my life." I looked pensively at Camilla as I uttered this humble remark. She misunderstood me.

"Oh, if you mean that *I*'m one of your mistakes, you can," she replied, with some acidity of manner. "Only if you had married your ideal, she'd have been a freak."

"Perhaps I *have* married my ideal," I returned, willing to pacify her, and divert her thoughts from the unpleasant request that I knew she intended to make. But she reverted to her original theme without any modulation. "I want you to come with me to the hospital to see a girl there," she stated in a single breath.

My first comment was unheard and short. Then I spoke. "I'm not a doctor," I said.

"No, but I want you to see her and talk to her, and tell me if she strikes you as being honest and straightforward; but she stammers a good deal, so you'll have to be patient."

"I'd rather be patient than doctor," I said, with quite a happy play upon words. But, as Camilla ignored my humour, I knew she was in one of her earnest fits of philanthropy.

"She's very poor, and she's got no home, and she's nearly well, but she isn't strong, and she had a good character from her last mistress, but she has gone abroad——"

"I thought she was in the hospital," I said.

"You *are* stupid!" retorted Camilla. "Of course, I meant the mistress has gone abroad, and we can't ask her, and we don't know if she forged the letter——"

"Why should she forge her own letter?" I asked.

"Really, you *are* provoking! Of course, I meant the girl forged the letter; if she did, and how are we to know if she is honest?"

"If she forged the letter, I should say her honesty was open to suspicion," I began; but Camilla was in no humour for rational discussion.

"Don't *try* to be idiotic," she snapped; "it is quite superfluous. Don't you see that the girl has nowhere to go when she is well, and knows nobody——"

"Ah!" I remarked.

"Can't you suggest something?" asked Camilla, impatiently. "A baby could say 'Ah!'"

I was annoyed, for no baby would have put the meaning into the ejaculation that I had. I repaid Camilla's thrust with a deadly, if not very chivalrous, *riposte*.

"I have never seen your hair so straight before," I remarked, deliberately. "It is a revelation."

Camilla looked round her helplessly; but there is no looking-glass in my study. She vanished, and I returned to my novel.

It was not a long respite, however. Camilla, as usual, gained her point, and on the next visiting day we presented ourselves at the gate of the hospital, she carrying a big bunch of flowers, and I hanging back meekly with some magazines for the patient.

We went upstairs and marched down between two long rows of white beds to the far end of a large room.

We halted at the foot of one of the beds, in which a young woman was lying. She did not look very ill, though Camilla whispered to me that she had undergone an operation for something internal. In fact, the girl had a fresh colour in her face, partly due, perhaps, to the moderate gale blowing through the ward.

"This is Mr. Burnham, Susan," explained Camilla.

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"The next visiting day, we presented ourselves at the gate of the hospital, she carrying a big bunch of flowers, and I hanging back meekly with some magazines for the patient"

"Y-y-yes, M-m-miss, I m-m-mean, M-m-mum!" answered the girl, with a nervous, deferential grin, and an instinctive attempt to bob in salutation. Camilla rather likes to be called Miss, for she takes it as a tribute to her youthful appearance. "Now, Susan," she said, brightly, "Mr. Burnham will see what we can do for you, while I go and talk to Nurse Elizabeth," and away she sailed down the middle of the ward, while I gazed helpless after her bobbing red hat. Then I sat down by Susan's bed, and tried to make conversation.

"My wife tells me that you will soon be going to the Convalescent Home for a week," I began, as a safe opening.

"Y-y-yes, S-s-sir," she murmured. She was a good-looking girl, but her stammer was calculated to get on anybody's nerves.

"Do you have many visitors?" I asked, and then wished to recall the words, for I remembered that the girl was friendless. However, she did not seem sensitive.

"N-n-no, S-s-sir," she murmured.

"Then you'll be glad to leave the hospital," I remarked.

"Y-y-yes, S-s-sir."

I tried a new conversational opening, as the patient seemed so shy. "It will be so nice," I said, "when you can run about again and chat with your friends." Susan looked at me with wide eyes for a moment, then choked and burst into tears. I sat absolutely puzzled, and waiting to ask how I had hurt her feelings; but before she was coherent, Camilla swooped down from the other end of the ward, followed by the nurse.

"What *have* you been doing to make her cry?" she demanded, indignantly.

"I haven't an idea," I answered feebly. "I only said she would like to run about and chat——"

"Yes, M-m-miss, and I know as 'e m-m-meant it k-k-k-" (lockjaw nearly supervened here) "-k-kindly, but 'e d-d-didn't kn-n-now of my im-im-pedi-pedi-iment," stammered the girl between her sobs. It flashed across me that she must have felt hurt by my suggestion of her chatting freely with anybody.

"Wait for me at the door of the ward," said Camilla sternly. I was only too glad to escape.

In ten minutes Camilla joined me. "Of course you didn't mean anything," she said, as we descended the stairs, "but poor Susan is so sensitive about what she calls 'her impediment.'

"But why should it so upset her to tell her that she could chat to her friends?" I asked. "She *can* talk, stammer or no stammer, and how should that remind her of 'her impediment'?"

"Oh yes, it would," answered Camilla, sententiously, if vaguely. "You don't know."

With a shrug of my shoulder, I started on the topic of Susan's future. Camilla was very hopeful.

"I mean to ask Mrs. Laughton if she will take the girl," she declared. "I know she wants a housemaid, and she is so kind and broad-minded, she wouldn't want to see Susan's mistress——"

"Especially as that lady is abroad," I said.

"Just so, and the girl is nice-looking and respectful, and her stammer won't matter as much as if she were a nursery-maid, and the children took it from her, and then she couldn't come to London anyway, so I can tell her everything, and that is all right." I have sometimes been able to disentangle Camilla's skeins of silk, but never her pronouns.

"But how will Susan pay her fare?" I asked. "The girl has nothing, and it will cost quite ten shillings."

Camilla was silent for a minute, and then burst out, in a tone of indomitable resolution—

"I know! I'm going to sell my old gold watch!"

I could not help laughing. Ever since I have known Camilla, she has been going, at frequent intervals, to sell that watch (which, like most ladies' brooch-watches, declines to go) and give the proceeds to the poor.

"I am *really* going to sell it this time," she insisted. "I shall take it to Mr. Hawkins in the High Street. I know he buys secondhand jewellery sometimes, and he'll oblige me, for I got the kitchen clock at his shop."

I merely smiled, for I had tried to raise money on a watch once, and it was a bigger watch than Camilla's.

Next evening she told me in a small, squashed voice that Hawkins had declined to make any offer for the watch. I comforted her by promising that I would give her the ten shillings for Susan's fare, and let her keep the watch till I wanted it.

Mrs. Laughton proved amenable to persuasion, and we started on our summer holiday with clear consciences, and (Camilla, at least) with a sense of a good work done. "I wish," said my wife, as we rattled off in the cab, "I could have seen Susan out of bed before we left. She doesn't go to the Convalescent Home till Friday next, so we couldn't wait all that time. But the nurse promised that she should be seen off to Mrs. Laughton's when her week is up, and I've given her the address, and she's really not a stupid girl, in spite of her stammer."

"'Her impediment,'" I remarked, but Camilla only sighed. It might have been regret at leaving Susan; I think myself it was relief. Camilla's philanthropic ardour is apt to evaporate half way through a good action.

Rather over a fortnight later, when we were in Germany, a much re-directed letter reached us, as we were breakfasting out on the terrace of our hotel. Camilla, after a long and careful study of the outside of the envelope, decided that the original direction was in Mrs. Laughton's handwriting, and eagerly opened the letter. She read the first two pages—Mrs. Laughton writes a large and legible hand—and then threw the letter over to me, and buried her face in her hands.

"What is it?" I asked. "Has Susan bolted with the spoons, or poisoned the baby?" Camilla only choked, and I referred to the letter:

My dear Camilla (it ran)—I really think philanthropy may be carried too far. I was quite prepared to make allowances for the girl you sent me, knowing that your geese are sometimes swans. But I *do* think you might have told me of Susan's "impediment." Did you seriously suppose that, living in a three-storey house as I do, I could possibly keep a housemaid with a wooden leg?

PARISIANA

THE LIGHT SIDE OF LIFE IN PARIS

M. Frantz Jourdain
President of the Autumn Salon

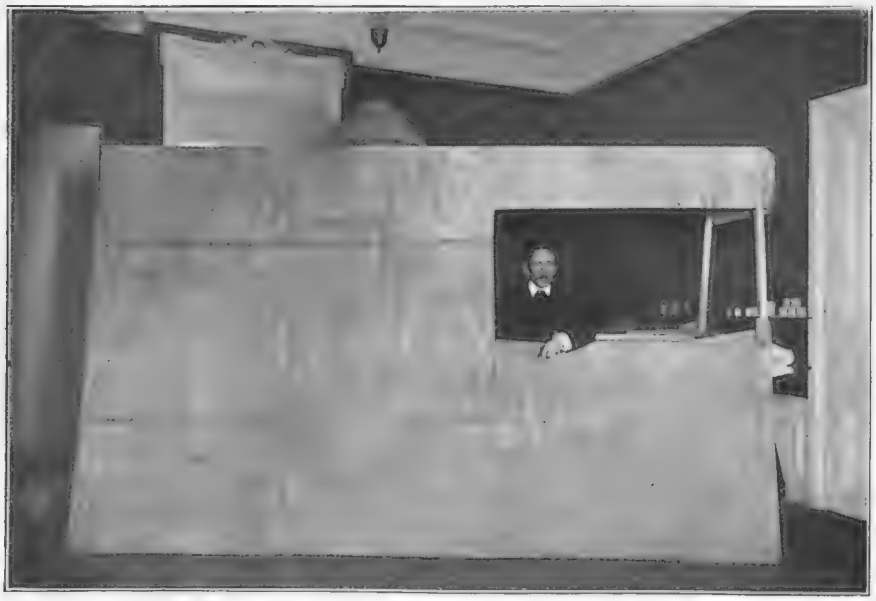
M. Gropeano
Founder of the Autumn Salon

By "V. DE PARIS"

"M. Combes et les Siens"

A witty man in the last century, when people had more time for carefully thought-out impromptu than they have to-day, remarked that he had no fear of the Recording Angel, for he had had several candid friends on earth. M. Combes, the Premier, and the most abused man of the Third Republic, must thoroughly agree with this wise saying.

During the Premier's summer holidays, a M. Géraud-Bastel called upon M. Combes, and told him of his intention to write a book about him and his intimates. Flattered, as any Frenchman would be, the Prime Minister invited M. Géraud-Bastel to stay with him for the summer, laid all sources of information open to him, and received him into the bosom of his family circle. The result has been a volume called *M. Combes et les Siens*, which has a scarlet cover for its sins, and will, no doubt, be widely read. Before the book appeared the Premier was advised what there was in it and tried to stop its publication, but he was pityingly smiled at, and now, as the autumn session of the Chamber opens, the thunderbolt has fallen, for if but half the things put into the Premier's mouth about his political supporters be true, and if but a tithe of the things those supporters said of M. Combes be fact, the Bloc ministry must be shivered, and cannot hold together. Fortunately for the Premier, M. Géraud-Bastel's book, though it is having an immense success, has not gained a *succès d'estime*, and at the first vote taken on the question of the separation of the Church and State, a big majority showed that the little Premier had once more weathered the storm. It looks as though M. Combes, who has been, since he took the reins of power, the most abused of any minister whom I remember here in France, might beat the record ministry of the late Waldeck Rousseau.



M. Santos Dumont in the "drawing room" of "No. 13"

This photograph, which was taken in the drawing room of M. Santos Dumont's house, shows the "drawing room" of his new airship, which is to be a perfect mansion on wings, having accommodation for four people during a week's sustained flight

The Autumn Salon

The Salons that bloom in the spring, tra-la, had a good deal to do with the case of the Salon d'Automne, for artists are perhaps the most quarrelsome folk on earth, and those of the Ville Lumière are anything but an exception to the rule. Therefore the artists were but ill-content with the spring salons, and therefore the Salon d'Automne was born. Last autumn a few pictures, grouped *tant bien que mal*, and a good deal more *mal* than *bien*, in a dark and damp basement of the Petit Palais gave promise of better things, and when this year the Beaux Arts

and the Artistes Français Salons raised up their voices —their committees for them, that is—in loud protest, declaring that their members should not be allowed to exhibit in the autumn rival, the requisite advertisement was gained, and success was a certainty. It has been brilliant. By the herculean efforts of the founder of the Autumn Salon, M. Gropeano, and by those of its president and secretary, MM. Frantz Jourdain and Devallières, some three thousand canvases and statues fill the huge rooms of the Grand Palais, among them being works of Odillon Redon, Renoir, Carrière, and other masters of the modern schools. Prince Troubetzkoi, the eminent Russian sculptor and vegetarian — whose claim on fame is gained by what he does not eat almost as much as by the work he does in marble and in bronze—is represented by no less than forty-seven admirable pieces, works by Toulouse Lautrec and Puvis de Chavannes are there, and altogether the Salon d'Automne is no mere heterogeneous muddle but is quite the most interesting exhibition Paris has known since the days of the first Salon des Artistes Français, which now year in year out has become as dead and as uninteresting as the Salon des Beaux Arts is. But be ye warned, ye young enthusiasts of the Salon d'Automne, by the Salon des Artistes Français's fate. Else may we have a summer salon in a year or two!

Meissonier's Little Joke

The Crocker-Doyen trouble is still at its height, "Le Médecin et le Milliardaire" still a favourite headline of the Paris papers. To me, the matter does not seem one for discussion, at all events in the ranks of the profession, but it may serve as a peg on which to hang an anecdote of Nélaton, the Doyen of his day, whose fees were looked upon with envy by his colleagues. Meissonier, a friend of Nélaton's, sent round for him one afternoon in a great hurry, and to the doctor's stupefaction asked him, when he arrived, to operate on a tiny dog which Meissonier held dear. Nélaton operated with success, sent in his bill for £240, and some weeks later asked the painter to luncheon. While they were smoking after lunch, the surgeon pointed to the door of the room where they sat. "It wants a coat of paint," he said, "I wish you'd take your coat off now and set to work on it for me." Meissonier (the tiny great man dearly loved a joke, even though it were at his own expense) painted the door, and two days afterwards sent *his* bill in, and the £240 changed hands again.

M. Santos Dumont and "No. 13"

I take it that M. Santos Dumont is annoyed at the fuss being made of motor-boats—why are they not known as canoomobiles?—in the world of scientific sport, and that he has been pondering upon a novel form of yacht to take the wind from the sails of his petroleum-driven rivals of the water, if I may be pardoned so Hibernian a confusion. In any case M. Santos Dumont has now completed a large working model of No. 13, an air yacht as he calls it, in which he can remain aloft for a full week if necessary, steer where he wills, and carry several passengers, in the huge car shown in one of our illustrations. The car will carry a bedroom with two beds, and a "drawing room," says M. Santos Dumont, will have four motors, and will contain with ease at least four people. The chief novelty in No. 13's construction is a ballonnet device by which all ballast may be left at home, for by allowing water to evaporate, and then condensing it again, M. Santos Dumont claims that he has conquered temperature's changes, and that he can rise, fall, and remain aloft at will and as long as he likes. "A trial of the kind has been made once before," said M. Santos Dumont, "but it was carelessly thought out, and the aeronauts"—here a gesture which meant accidents will happen—"burned the gas bag and both were killed. But No. 13 is not going to kill me. And I am superstitious enough to think 13 will be lucky to me."

M. Santos Dumont perfecting his model of "No. 13"

The plucky aeronaut is not at all concerned that this is his thirteenth venture. "No. 13 is not going to kill me," he says. "I am superstitious enough to think 13 will be lucky to me"

Under the Hammer

STATE VEHICLES OF THE LATE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE FETCH SMALL PRICES

The late Duke of Cambridge's State Chariot, recently sold by auction

Unlike the majority of the late Duke's effects which were sold, the chariot went very cheaply, fetching only £[illegible]

Photos by *Nops, Ltd.*

The State Coach, also put up for sale by auction

The State Coach shared a similar fate to that of its companion, only fetching, under the relentless hammer of the auctioneer, the insignificant sum of £38. Both were purchased by the Karno troupe of pantomimists

Our Motoring Editor will be very pleased at any time to examine, and impartially report upon, any new inventions of a practical and useful nature in motor-car fittings or accessories which may be desired to be brought to the notice of our readers, and also to give advice as to the purchase of new or second-hand cars.

The advice given in these pages will be, it need perhaps hardly be mentioned, absolutely unbiased. The Motoring Editor is in a position of complete independence, and has no connection, in however remote a degree, with any firm of motor manufacturers.

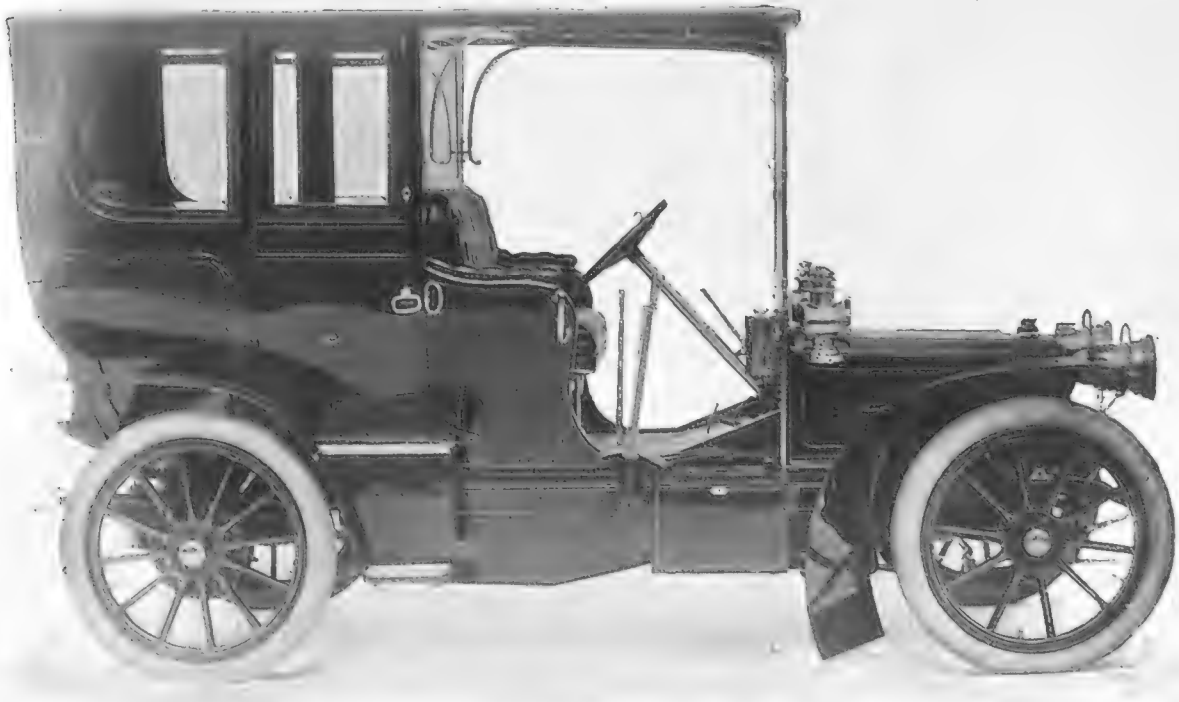
Owners of motor-cars, wishing to sell them, or readers wishing to obtain new or second-hand cars, can advertise their requirements in these pages. All applications should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, "The Bystander," Tallis Street, E.C.

A Run on a 14 h.-p. Martini

Chatting last month with Captain Deasy, with regard to severe hill-climbing tests, I ventured to express an opinion that perhaps a better idea could be obtained of the capacities of a car from observing its behaviour on ordinary hills. I suggested that a man contemplating the purchase of a medium-powered four-cylinder car would like to know how it faces the every-day gradient rather than how many minutes it takes to climb the Westerham or Sunrising Hills on its lower speeds. Captain Deasy agreed with me, and invited me to choose a route for a day's trip in a 14 h.-p. Martini. Owing to his absence in Paris, the run was postponed; but October 20, a dull, gray day, saw the four-cylinder Martini *en route* for Hindhead, the road I had chosen, full-weighted, four up, and Captain Deasy at the helm.

Over the Ripley Road

The mid-day London traffic was all taken slowly on the top speed, the engine answering admirably to the throttle control which is conveniently arranged on the steering wheel. Passing the busy race course at Sandown Park, the Portsmouth coaching road unwound itself to view, Cobham, the Hut Hotel, and Ripley, being passed in rapid succession. The gradients, all taken without a falter on the top speed, hardly seemed to exist—more gradient, more gas—the slope is levelled. Narrow-streeted Guildford, which, to the motorist, seems almost like a London suburb, was soon reached; and crawling on the cobble-stones we turned into the Angel for lunch as the clock was striking one. We had left Kingston only an hour ago, yet there had been no fast driving, and the car had been consistently eased for crossroads, corners, and traffic.



The 14-18 h.-p. "Martini" from Captain Deasy's depôt at Knightsbridge

Up Hindhead

Lunch disposed of, Godalming was soon behind us, and, passing over the open stretches of Witley Common, we approached Hindhead. Slipping round the corner, past the little inn, the throttle was opened for the three-mile climb. Up, up, up, in seeming enjoyment of the increasing gradient, went the steady 14 h.-p., fresh country opening out at every yard. The distance hung with draping mist, but the foreground stood out distinctly with its varying October foliage of old gold, brown, and red. Over the crest, and swinging to the left, the Devil's heather-clad Punch Bowl lay beneath us. Gathering speed, we went round the Gibbet bend, and were on Hindhead. Carefully timed on the stiffest two miles of the climb, I found that we had come up at an average speed of twenty-five miles per hour. Turning to the right at the crossroads, we dawdled down the long descents to the Frensham Ponds and Farnham; thence home *viâ* Aldershot and Virginia Water. Five o'clock saw us again in London, after a good day, and practically a non-stop run.

Power and Politeness

The car was never touched, and the engine ran faultlessly all through, making less noise than a purring dynamo. The body is well hung and the control is easy; practically the whole journey, too, was performed by the motorists fetish—the top speed. My host, to whom I tender my thanks for a good day, is a particularly careful and considerate driver, and I came to the conclusion that power and politeness go together. The man at the wheel of a full-blooded four-cylinder does not mind easing up—he gets going again so quickly. The low-power car is in a different case—a single cylinder must be kept going if decent time is to be made, and the driver when travelling well on top speed is, I fear, loath to check his speed. I would be the last to say that he is inconsiderate, but he is apt to drive a little harder than his bigger brethren.

A Big Order

Petrol is slowly coming to the front, and I hear with pleasure that the Diligence service in middle and southern Italy is to be worked in future by a public company who will employ nothing but motors. After exhaustive tests, an order has been given to the Compagnie Belge de Construction d'Automobiles, the makers of the Pipe cars, whose London representatives are the London Motor Garage Company, Limited, of Wardour Street. Six hundred 20 h.-p. chassis are to be supplied, and half will be fitted with omnibus bodies and half with wagon bodies. The vehicles will be so constructed that the bodies are interchangeable, as occasion may arise, the change from one type to another being effected in half-an-hour.

A Good Example

The Italian Government and municipal authorities evidently appreciate the value of quick transport, for they are giving their support and assistance to the new motor service in a practical manner. The roads to be traversed present unusual difficulties, but, where awkward corners exist, means will be taken to render them easy to negotiate; where necessary, the roads will be widened, and in some cases bridges will be built across ravines. The Motor Transport Company will enjoy the same privileges as the Italian railway companies; there will be fixed stopping places for the passenger vehicles, and the municipal authorities of each city have agreed to furnish a station with a waiting-room. The railway companies regard the new venture, too, in a most enlightened manner, as they acknowledge that they will benefit by the tapping of new districts hitherto untouched by railways. The first route will open on January 1, 1905, and other routes as quickly as the chassis can be turned out.

A spin on the Ripley Road: Passing "The Angel" at Ditton

New De Dions

I have just heard that the well-known friction cone system of gears, peculiar to these cars, is only to be used next year on the little 6 h.-p. The

A spin on the Ripley Road: "The White Lion" at Cobham

6 h.-p. will have the speed-box of the present 8 h.-p., that is to say, three speeds and a reverse. The single-cylinder 8 h.-p., the two-cylinder 10 h.-p. and 12 h.-p., and the new 15 h.-p. four-cylinder, will have a gear-box approximating to the Panhard type. A special spring clutch will also be added. The new 24 h.-p., priced at 13,500 francs, or £540, complete with body, is noticeable as having automatic inlet-tubes. By the way, these celebrated designers have always advocated the automatic valves; but in 1905 they will be alone in fitting them to a four-cylinder engine. Their steadfast adherence to this principle makes me wonder whether it is yet quite certain that the mechanically-operated valve is the most efficient.

"Robert the Devil"

The trap season, I regret to say, is not over yet, and many of the old favourites have been yielding quite decent bags. Motorists really should take the trouble to enquire before venturing into strange country. All information that I have received this week concerns old 'uns. Remember to look up my previous lists, and especially watch

THE SPEED INDICATOR

Round Pontefract.
Near Norman's Cross.
Between Tring and Berkhampstead.
Through Kingston.

Alfred C. Hunter

A spin on the Ripley Road: "The Hut Hotel" at Wisley Mere

A WEIGHTY MATTER OF TRANSPORT

"How can I get to the Borough, Constable?"
"Take a Ludgate 'ill 'bus to the Circus, then take an Elephant"

By Field, Stream & Covert.

Edited by the Hon. L. J. BATHURST

The Foxhound Question

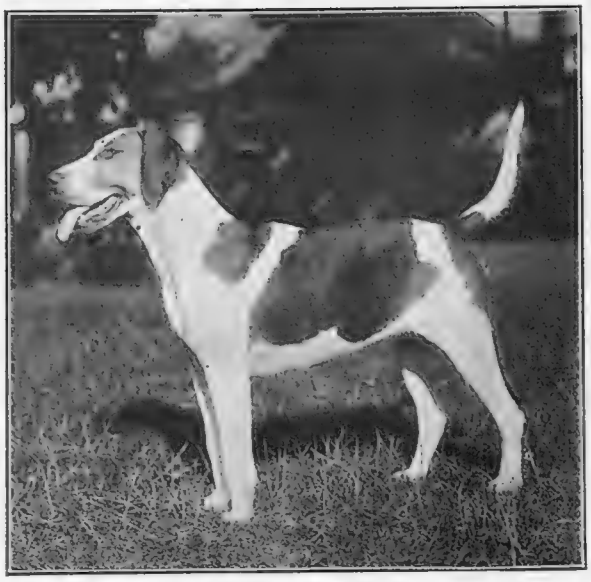
It is, perhaps, rather late in the day to discuss the question which occupied the attention of the M.F.H. meeting a week or two ago; but the reports in the papers seem to have mystified so many people, who, while fond of hunting, are not initiated in the arcana of the Stud-Book, that a little explanation seems desirable. The controversy first arose at Peterborough, when certain exhibitors expressed their objection to entries being received of hounds begotten of stag-hunting parents. If they did not actually say so, these objectors implied that such hounds must have been bred purely for looks and not for work, since nose, tongue, and willingness to draw thick coverts are qualities that are not sought after in a staghound. To these objections we might almost add that, though a staghound may be called upon to gallop a good deal, there is, in his work, no real call for a robust constitution, long journeys on the road being all but unknown, while the meet is always late, and the actual period of the runs is generally short.

The Other Side

Though this view is supported by a vast majority, it was urged by the dissentient few that staghounds are, after all, nothing but pure foxhounds; that because the qualities alluded to were not called forth by the chase of the carted deer, it should not be inferred that they were therefore absent; and that there existed plenty of hounds drafted, owing to deficient stature, into packs of harriers whose blood was of the best, and to exclude whose stock from the official record of pedigrees would be most unfair. Two instances were quoted, one of a pack, half of which were by staghound sires and in the other the progeny of hounds that had been entered to hare, were among the best of an admittedly good kennel.

Lord Rothschild's Staghounds, and their huntsman, Jack Boore

Lord Rothschild's kennels are at Ascott, Leighton Buzzard, and this well-known pack hunt in the district round about Aylesbury



Mr. G. W. Fitzwilliam's "Sang..ine," of Peterborough fame

But the arguments of the minority fell upon deaf ears, and in future Masters of Foxhounds who mate their bitches with sires that have not been educated in a fox-hunting establishment, will disqualify the offspring of such an union from inclusion in the Stud-Book. The resolution, however, as carried, was not retrospective in its scope.

The Regular Seas..n

Though, in consequence of the first Monday of the present month falling as late as it could be, the season has not yet been formally opened by the Quorn's initial fixture at Kirby Gate, most packs of hounds will have commenced business in earnest before these lines are in print. Nice rains have fallen, while the leaves have come off the trees with unusual expedition, so that the country ought to ride to perfection, and the ditches will not be too blind to negotiate. The deep interest taken by the public in hunting has been, as usual at this time of year, fostered by the appearance of many columns of erroneous statements and trite advice in various organs. We cull one delightful example of counsel by an anonymous writer, who warns beginners against keeping up-wind of hounds. "There is nothing in worse form," says the mentor, "when, as is almost certain to happen, they get thrown, to blame the huntsman for not blowing his horn." We quite agree that such censure on the part of the prostrate horseman would be a little unreasonable.

Beagles

A glance at the list of beagles for the coming season shows that the existence of no less than seventy packs is publicly recognised, though if certain private establishments and other unconventional collections of this fascinating breed of hound were added, the total would fall but little short of the century. It is scarcely likely that the growing enthusiasm for this method of pursuing the hare will infringe on the popularity of other forms of the Chase; indeed, as far as fox-hunting is concerned, the wider diffusion of venatic ardour of any sort cannot but be beneficial. Still, if packs of beagles continue to multiply at the rate of recent years, the movement will shortly assume somewhat alarming proportions, for Mr. H. A. Bryden, in his admirable book on Hare-hunting and Harriers, places the number of packs which took the field in the United Kingdom during the season 1901-2 at forty-nine or fifty only.

A heavy bit of country

At the Covert Side

The Tyranny of Dress

Not the least striking feature in the sport of beagling as now carried on is its sartorial aspect. Formerly the main object of the beagler was to select garments which were adapted for hard exercise, and could not be damaged by rough usage. With the exception of the University packs, cases were few where a smart uniform was adopted, and hunting caps were all but unknown among the various staffs, which were, for that matter, somewhat vaguely considered as any member of the field helping to whip in when required. As for the cap, which is now so prevalent, the mere layman still considers its wearer a martyr to duty, despite assurances that a light head-gear of this description is thoroughly comfortable for the purpose. Green coats, with white breeches and spats, usually complete the costume, though in some hunts, brown has been selected as the colour for the former habiliment, while for the nether man putties are frequently preferred to stockings. There is no doubt that the accession of a smart turn-out has done much to popularise beagling with non-hunting occupiers of land.

Sport in Ireland

The gallant "Tips" opened their seventeenth season, under Mr. Richard Burke, at Fethard, on Tuesday, October 18, a very fine spring like day. Mr. Burke had eighteen and a half couples of the

Feeding time

Photo by] The opening Meet of the Ward Hunt [*Chancellor, Dublin*

"ladies" out, and a beautiful lot they were. The attendance was the largest ever seen in Fethard, there being a great many new-comers from England. The officers of the Artillery gave the breakfast, and after ample justice had been done to it, a move was made for Bennett's Hill, where a number of foxes were on foot. Hounds went away on one which ran down the hill by the old Castle of Knockelly, up to Peppardstown Road, where he was headed and turned back to cover. Another fox went by Cleary's to Spike, but a long start and bad scent prevented hounds making much of him. Then on to Rathkenny, where foxes were plentiful, and one taking a good line by Ballinard into Bannoxtown and on to Cloneen Wood gave a pleasant thirty minutes. The Duhallow and the U.H.C. held their opening fixtures on the opening day, but the Meath were a week later in commencing regular business.

Photo by Lord Rosebery's Home Farm at Dalmeny *Reid*

"A 'Possum up a Gum-Tree"

Hunting 'Possum in the United States

Some methods of trapping animals for their fur are undoubtedly cruel, but the opossum has, perhaps, the easiest death of them all. As its fur is not of great market value, it is more often hunted by negroes for eating purposes than for the sake of its skin. A common method which obtains in the Argentine and the Southern States of North America is to scare the animal out on to the end of the branch of a tree and take it with the hand, which is covered with a leather gauntlet to avoid the effects of a bite. Although it belongs to the family of marsupials, the opossum's pouch is so seldom properly developed that the young are usually carried on their parent's back, holding themselves in position by a skilful twist of the tail.

The World of Entertainment

A Breathing Space

A merry round of new productions with a creditable percentage of successes has made the autumn season of 1904 atone, in no slight measure, for the general slackness and depression of the preceding six months. The first real lull in the stress of *premières* occurred after the production of *The Wife Without a Smile*, and was more than filled by discussion on a certain puppet (not a word more!). On Monday fresh impetus was given to the round-about of entertainment by Mr. Arthur Bourchier's production at the Garrick Theatre of *The Walls of Jericho*, by Alfred Sutro. In the world of the theatre "The play is dead, long live the play" is a cry, the sting of which is mitigated by the chances of revival. So, in passing, we may be permitted an expression of hope that we have not seen the last of *The Chevaleer*. When an ironical statistician makes a table showing the indifferent plays which have run and the superior ones which have halted he may be able to demonstrate that *The Chevaleer* had steam enough in it to carry it well beyond the seventy-three nights' mark.

Mr. George Robey

In his latest guise as the Roman Gladiator "Frantic, the Fearless"

Miss June Van Buskirk

A pretty American girl in the cast of *The Walls of Jericho*, which has just been produced at the Garrick Theatre

Mr. George Robey

So full of carefully thought-out detail and business are Mr. Robey's songs that he can hardly be said merely to sing them—he produces them. His latest production, with which he is amusing the town, is that of a Roman Gladiator, armed with an umbrella. Mr. Robey has a keen eye to the advantages of anachronism. He is an old Harrovian, and is a very good man in the cricket field.

Amateur Theatricals at Nenagh, Co. Tipperary

An occasional correspondent, who has been wandering round Ireland recently, writes most enthusiastically about the amateur theatricals held in Nenagh Town Hall, on Wednesday, October 19, and following evening, in aid of the Derrycastle Harriers' Hare Fund. The entertainment commenced with that most popular of one-act pieces, *The Highwayman*, in which the *rôles* of Lady Betty Barrett and Sir Harry Bellairs were sustained in most sprightly and

humorous fashion by Lady Ikerrin and Major P. C. Scott, the twain coming in for hearty approbation from the audience for their graceful evolutions in the dance, which the bold Highwayman tricks the lady into giving him. Major Scott, a son of the late Mr. Clement Scott, takes high rank among amateur actors in the Army, and not the least successful of his achievements was the manner in which he produced the original operetta, *Love Among the Hops*, which was the *pièce de résistance* of the entertainment. The librettist of this cleverly-written piece is that [illegible] lady, Miss May Langrishe. The music was composed by Mr. P. J. O'Hara, Royal Irish Constabulary. Miss Langrishe's lyrics were bright and smartly written, and Mr. O'Hara's numbers and orchestration were a good deal above the average amateur work of a like nature. Mr. O'Hara is a thorough musician, and understands the work of light opera. Miss May Langrishe, the librettist, is well known in Ireland as a champion golf and tennis player. She is also a successful painter, having had some pictures exhibited at the Guildhall, and writes and composes charming songs. The cast was made up of the following well-known Irish amateurs:—Viscountess Ikerrin, Miss May Langrishe, Mrs. Bertram Ward, Mrs. P. C. Scott, Miss Dorothy Thorneycroft, Major P. C. Scott, A.S.C., Mr. P. J. O'Hara, R.I.C., Mr. S. W. Maddock, Mr. R. Gethin.

The Nenagh Theatricals

The Librettist (Miss May Langrishe), and the Composer (Mr. P. J. O'Hara, R.I.C.), of the original Operetta, *Love Among the Hops*

Mr. S. W. Maddock **Miss Royce**

Viscountess Ikerrin **Mrs. Bertram Ward**

Miss May Langrishe **Miss D. Thorneycroft** **Mr. P. J. O'Hara**

Mr. R. Gethin **Mrs. P. C. Scott** **Major P. C. Scott**

AMATEUR THEATRICALS AT NENAGH, CO. TIPPERARY, IN AID OF THE DERRYCASTLE HARRIERS' HARE FUND

RUGBY: RICHMOND BEAT CANTABS BY 3 TRIES TO NIL

The ball gets out of "scrum"

This game, played at Richmond, was witnessed by over 3,000 spectators. Although the ground was a trifle heavy the weather was good and the play resulted in one of the best Rugby games of the season, the score at half time being: Richmond, 6 points. 'Varsity, nil

Lining out

Richmond worked for all they were worth, and after the first twenty minutes the Surrey forwards had the opposing forward line collared. The last half was fiercely contested by both sides and resulted in Richmond gaining anot er try

THE "CAMBRIDGESHIRE:" THE FAVOURITF AND THE WINNER

M. Blanc's "Caius," the Favourite

...r's Cambridge hire proved an exciting event. Interest was roused by the starting of the two French horses, "Caius" and "Monsieur ..." and as there were several strong English favourites entered, good sport was expected. "Caius" started at 7 to 2 agst, but was unable to fulfil expectations, coming in fifth

Captain Forester's "Hackler's Pride," the Winner

"Hackler's Pride," ridden by Dillon, won by a neck from Lord Carnarvon's "Vril," in the record time for the course of 1 min. 52 4-5th secs. "Hackler's Pride" made all the running, and after the closest sort of finish, won the Cambridgeshire for the second time in succession

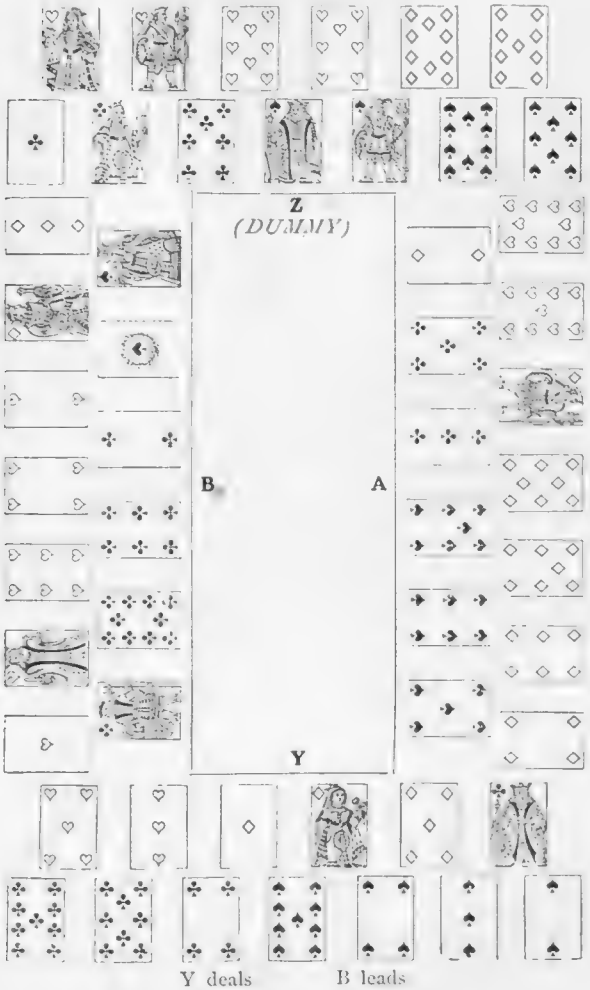
Bridge : By "Problematicus"

A NEW COMPETITION: FIRST PRIZE, TEN GUINEAS

THE SECOND HAND OF THE RUBBER

ORDINARY FOUR-HANDED BRIDGE

Dummy's Hand only is supposed to be exposed



RULES

1.—Every solution, after the first, must be accompanied by the publisher's imprint (in place of a coupon) on the bottom of the back cover, viz. :

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Any solutions after the first submitted, if not accompanied by the imprint, will be disqualified.

2.—Competitors may also give as full notes on the play as they like, giving reasons for leads, etc.

3.—The play of the hand should be written out in the following way :

Tricks	B	Z	A	Y
1	♦ 3	♦ 9	♦ Q	♦ A
2	♠ 10	♠ Q	♠ 2	♠ 7
3	♠ K	♠ A	♠ 3	♠ J

4.—All solutions should reach the office of THE BYSTANDER by the first post on the Friday week after the last hand of the rubber. The solutions of all four hands should be sent in together, *not* week by week. They should be addressed to The Bridge Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Victoria Embankment, London, E.C.

5.—Names and full addresses of competitors must be given, only for publication in the event of a prize being won. Unless this rule is carefully observed, competitors will be disqualified.

NOTE.—Competitors are expected to make the players double and redouble when the value of their hands demand it, but the limit of redoubling is 100.

The above prize will be awarded for the best solution of the play of a rubber at Bridge consisting of four hands.

The second hand is given herewith, and the two other hands will appear, one in each issue of THE BYSTANDER, *during the next fortnight.*

In order that competitors may gain the greatest amount of benefit from working out the play of this rubber, they should note that it will not *be Double-Dummy, but ordinary four-handed Bridge, with Dummy's hand only exposed. The second, third, and fourth prizes will be* THE BYSTANDER *Morocco Bridge Cases, valued £1 1s. each.*

There will be Twelve Consolation Prizes of two packs, in box, of THE BYSTANDER *playing cards.*

A Russian Newspaper view of the Tibet Expedition

JOHN BULL ; "*You're* no good. You can't take a single fortress, while I have taken all Tibet!"
JAPS: "That's true, John, but you've had a soft job. Try and persuade the Russians to surrender Port Arthur to us in the name of humanity."—*Oskolki*, St. Petersburg

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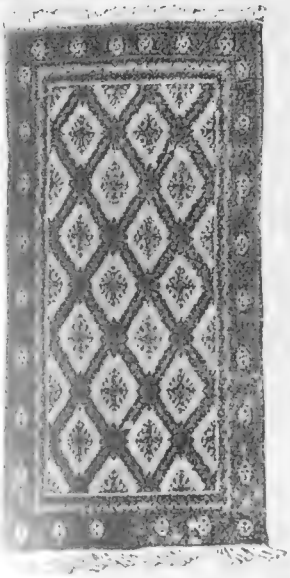

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Tiger-Shooting in the Himalayas

By "PAX VEL BELLUM"

It was about six in the evening, one September, that a ragged coolie came to me, in a hill-station situated in the Himalayas at an elevation of between 5,000 and 6,000 feet. He appeared much distressed, and begged me, in a very earnest and excited manner, to come at once and shoot a tiger that had killed two cows near his village.

On questioning him, I found that the place was at least thirteen miles off, and reached by a very poor track running from village to village; also it was a drop of about 3,000 feet. It was quite useless to start then, so I told him to put up with my servants and be ready for the road at 4 a.m. Punctually at this hour the next morning we started, and after a very hot and tiring trudge reached the village about nine.

The Hungry Tiger has a leaden repast

"Pressing the trigger, for he had been *covered* for some time, I had the satisfaction of seeing him leap high in the air, fall forward, biting the ground, and lie there quite still"

There, sure enough, within two hundred yards of the houses, was one large cow lying with distended stomach and a broken neck in a little terraced field. The other cow had been dragged into a well-wooded ravine, with longish grass close to. I had only brought a small tea-basket with me, so, sitting down, I made some breakfast, and told my friend to get me some coolies about 11 a.m., when we would go and look for the other carcase, and, if necessary, drag it into a good position for the moon, which was nearly full. I judged that by eleven or twelve the tiger would be certain to be lying up in fairly thick jungle.

The coolies turned up all right, but when we got to the edge of the ravine nothing would induce them to come any further. The marks of the carcase along the ground, and the pugs of a good big tiger were plainly visible, and I did not think he would take it far away with another cow ready at hand. However, the coolies could not be got any further, so I had to go in by myself, and after scrambling some fifty yards I saw the grass shaking violently in front, and heard the noise of a big animal breaking away; quite close this was, not fifteen yards off. Going quickly forward, I came upon the remains of a big bullock, of which the hind-quarters and all the back had been entirely eaten. Shouting for the coolies—easily re-assured when I explained that the tiger had left—I had the carcase made fast to a small tree, and selected a large one, about twenty yards off, in which to build a "machan." This was constructed of a native string bed (charpoy) firmly lashed to adjacent branches.

About 5 p.m. I took up my position in the "machan," and nothing happened until about half-past eight, when I heard a gentle rustling in the grass. To my mortification, I found the "kill" was a great deal too much under the shadow of the hill, and quite untouched by the moon. I had feared to have it dragged any distance lest the tiger might become suspicious. The rustling ceased, and I heard vigorous tugs given to the carcase, but nothing whatever could I see in the darkness. Suddenly the ropes that secured the remains parted, and I realised that the tiger had walked off with his meal before the moon had got high enough to give me a shot.

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Very disappointing this, and nothing for it now but sleep, so I curled myself up and was soon slumbering. Waking at dawn, I got quietly down with some difficulty, as I had to sling my rifle. Tracking the drag of the kill, I came upon it very shortly, and, without my seeing him, the tiger went off, just as he had done the day before. I followed cautiously, and soon hit off a little jungle track I saw he had used. After about 150 yards, I came upon some rocks, whence the track descended to a small stream fed by little rivulets from the hill side, one of which trickled down through bushy undergrowth just in front of the rocks. I went on some way further, but, having no luck, decided to sit on the jungle track later on close to the rocks, and catch the tiger on his way back to the kill in the evening.

Shortly afterwards—I had not left the track I spoke of more than an hour—I walked down to my post. Very quietly and cautiously I took up my place, and dreadfully hot I found it. The perspiration poured off my face as I sat immovable in that awful sun. About 2 p.m. I heard the coolies making a great noise and coming towards the kill, which was behind me. Suddenly, though I had heard absolutely nothing, I was aware of a bounding object to my left, and before I could lift up my rifle (I was so astonished) the tiger had landed on the other side of the ravine and was hidden by the brushwood. He wasn't ten yards from me when he jumped, and must have sneaked back to the kill while I was eating breakfast, and while I was within a very short distance of him all the time. I was much disheartened, fearing he would not return, but I stuck to my plans and sat over the kill on the spur all night long. He never turned up, and I thought he was gone for ever, but on returning to the village found he had visited the untouched cow and nearly finished it! He was truly a nailer at beef.

Although it seemed improbable he would want any more for some days, I arranged to sit over the little he had left, and tied it to a strong peg. At 5 p.m. I got into my third "machan." At six o'clock the moon was up, beautifully bright and full. I could see the face of my wristlet watch as clearly as in the day. My tree, a very small one, was just at the head of a narrow ravine running down into the jungle. Very shortly I heard the birds making a great noise, then there was a remarkable stillness all round, and I was aware of a stealthy tread. At 6.15 the tiger came directly under my tree, and a few bones having been left there he commenced to crunch them, making a great snorting all the time. I could see nothing of him at all, and thought he would never come out. I was greatly excited by being kept like this, and much relieved when at 7.15 I judged by the noise of his movements that he was going towards the kill. Presently, step by step, he emerged from under the shadow of my tree—first his head, then his shoulders, and finally his long, lithe body. Just as he got well clear he started, stared at the kill, gave a queer little run of two or three steps, and stopped with his ears well cocked. Grand he looked in the bright moonlight, but I had no time to lose. Pressing the trigger, for he had been *covered* for some time, I had the satisfaction of seeing him leap high in the air, fall forward biting the ground, and lie there quite still. He was a young tiger, about two years' old, and measured 9 ft. 4 in.

A tussle with a monster Python

The python seen in our photograph is twenty-four feet long, and weighs about 200 lbs., and belongs to the New York Zoological Gardens. Refusing to take its food, the authorities decided to resort to force. Three keepers and five other men were summoned to perform the task, and when they were ready the cage door was flung open. As the reptile raised its head to strike the intruders, a stream of cold water from a hose struck it full in the face. When it recoiled in confusion, the plucky keepers seized it by the neck and quickly dragged it from the cage. As its form emerged, the waiting men seized it at proper intervals, and held it nearly tight. Food, in the form of rabbits, was then rammed down its throat from the end of a bamboo pole. Before the monster returned to its cage, the three keepers, by request, carried it out in the open, so that the big python could be photographed. It was then safely returned to its cage

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FASHIONABLE FACTS & FANCIES

By Mrs. JACK MAY

The weather has emphatically settled the matter: we must perforce continue to recognise autumnal clothing, failing the very slightest encouragement to pass on to winter habiliments. From the point of view of the calendar, we have no law necessitating our doing the latter, but it is the spirit of the hour to rush everything

A feeling of monotony is so quickly acquired nowadays, it may shortly become a recognised regret, that the seasons, which are so wholly and solely responsible for fashionable vagaries, are not cut up into four further subdivisions.

The "Redingote," as now worn in Paris

This special model shown is of pale grey cloth, the revers, collars, and cuffs of chinchilla laid in a hem of grey kid

The Social Outlook

Well! one can never tell, demand does invariably create diversion, it is to be observed. Meanwhile, there is every promise of a brisk, bright London season, ere Christmas turns the wheels of desire towards the Sunny South. Not only do the opera, the restaurant, and the theatre, indicate the presence of fashionable pleasure-loving folk, but there are several well-accredited rumours of some large representative entertainments being given. In fact, the social outlook is promising in the extreme, and we may, I think, take it, that the whole motive power comes direct from Buckingham Palace, whence a pleasant buzz of life emanates all the time. Now, under these cheery conditions, it is quite reasonable to suppose we shall at last see a little more of the money the country is supposed to possess, circulating freely; a reflection that serves to send us rioting immediately in extravagant visions, desires only kept in check by that bugbear the decadent banking account.

Plissé Chiffon Velvet

Now this carries a distinct element of expenditure, and it is one, moreover, that is wholly irresistible, in view of the smart dance frock, expressed throughout in white. These very full skirts, for essentially dancing purposes, are quite *de rigueur*, just touching the ground all round; and there is to be recalled an adorable example, that was completed by a high, exquisitely shaped belt, also of the velvet, and picturesque *bouffant* sleeves of white tulle, and a floating sash of the same transparency. Ambrosine, in respect of these diaphanous sashes, has a fine conviction as to the speedy

The Bystander, November 2, 1904

THE
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17 Bed & Dressing, 3 Bath, Billiard & 4 Reception Rooms. Stabling for 7. Rooms over.
Tastefully and expensively fitted throughout.
Electric light. Gas. Telephone.
(40,185)

MAYFAIR (Park Lane).—Charming modern red-brick and stone-built RESIDENCE, perfectly appointed and replete with every possible convenience. To be SOLD at a very moderate figure: 11 bed & dressing rooms, 2 bath, & 4 reception rooms. Lease 90 years. Ground rent, £80 per annum. (40,164)

RENT, 10 GNS. PER WEEK.

ONSLOW GARDENS (South Kensington).—A really charming RESIDENCE, occupying bright, sunny position: 9 bedrooms, bath, & 4 reception rooms; electric light, telephone, speaking tubes. Available for a long period. (39,132)

COLCHESTER (within an hour of Town).—To be SOLD, an ESTATE of 75 acres, with comfortable RESIDENCE, standing high on gravel soil, containing: 4 reception rooms, 8 bedrooms; stabling, farmhouse, & usual outbuildings. The land, which lies in a ring fence, is intersected by a running stream. Price, £4,200. More land if required. (12,451)

CHELTENHAM (within half a mile of station, standing high on sandy soil).—To be SOLD, this charming old-fashioned RESIDENCE, approached by carriage drive, with lodge entrance. Accommodation: 2 reception, billiard, 12 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, excellent stabling, with coachman's rooms over. Co.'s gas & water, electric bells, perfect drainage. Charming grounds of 1½ acres, croquet & tennis lawns, kitchen garden, &c. Shooting, hunting, golf, & polo in the immediate neighbourhood. Price, £4,000. (12,438)

BEDS (close to station, village, post, & telegraph office, &c., standing high in well-timbered grounds).—To be LET or SOLD, this comfortable RESIDENCE, comprising: grand hall (85ft. by 10ft.), billiard, & 5 reception rooms, extensive kitchen offices, 14 bedrooms, bath (h. & c.); stabling for 6, cottage, charming grounds & paddocks, forming a miniature park extending over about 13 acres. Additional 60 acres of farm land could be obtained if required. Hunting with 3 packs of hounds; golf links within easy reach. Rent, £700 per annum. (12,424)

£7,500 WILL PURCHASE an attractive PROPERTY, replete with every modern convenience, situate in the Caterham district, 500ft. above the sea level: billiard, 4 reception, 10 bedrooms, bath (h. & c.): stabling for 4, with rooms over; well laid-out grounds of about 4 acres.—Full details, with photos, on application. (10,599)

SUSSEX (near St. Leonards).—To be SOLD, a comfortable old-fashioned RESIDENCE, now modernised, standing in 14 acres of beautifully-shaded grounds, with magnificent views over the sea & Beachy Head. Accommodation: billiard & 2 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms; stabling for 6; 3 cottages. Price, £5,800. (12,454)

TORQUAY (in one of the choicest positions in this favourite watering-place).—To be SOLD or LET, a most comfortable RESIDENCE, close to the pine woods & golf links. Accommodation: billiard & 3 reception rooms, boudoir, 19 bed & dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, etc.; stabling for 7, living rooms over; beautifully laid-out grounds of 1¼ acres. Rent, £300 per annum. Price, £10,000. (12,461)

HERTS (Elstree), ¾ of a mile from the station, 420 ft. above sea level.—For SALE, this charming red brick RESIDENCE, standing in grounds of 3 acres, well wooded. The accommodation comprises: square hall, 4 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, stabling for 3, with living rooms over; golf, shooting, & hunting in the neighbourhood.—GILLOWS have inspected. (12,056)

IN THE BEAUTIFUL HINDHEAD DISTRICT.—To be SOLD, this charming old-fashioned FARMHOUSE, now converted into a gentleman's Residence: 4 reception, studio, 8 bedrooms; stabling & outbuildings; 32 acres of grounds. More land adjoining if required. (12,086)

LINDFIELD (within an hour of Town).—To be LET on Lease, a RESIDENCE, occupying a pleasant position facing a common with south aspect; grounds of about 2½ acres. Accommodation: 5 reception, 7 bedrooms, bath (h. & c.), Company's water; first-class modern stabling. Rent, £150 per annum, with low premium asked for improvements. (12,433)

HERTS AND MIDDLESEX BORDERS.—To be SOLD, a well-built modern RESIDENCE, comprising: 4 reception, 7 bedrooms, stabling for 3, good cottage, 12 acres of grounds & land; excellent centre for a hunting man. Price, £2,600. Would be LET on Lease. (12,005)

L. & S. W. MAIN LINE (BYFLEET).—To be SOLD, a well-built RESIDENCE, containing: square hall, 3 reception, 9 bedrooms, 2 dressing rooms, fitted bathroom, 2 box rooms, electric light, well-wooded grounds of 2½ acres, more adjoining if required. Price and rent on application. (12,338)

400 FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL.
FREEHOLD FOR SALE

FRONT OF HOUSE.

SURREY.
Within half-an-hour of London Bridge & Charing Cross.
CHARMING RESIDENCE
in Delightful Grounds, of about 2 acres.
Approached by Carriage Drive, with Double Lodge Entrance.
10 Bed, Dressing, & Bath, & 3 Reception Rooms, including

VERY FINE MUSIC ROOM,

in which is built a Two-Manual Organ, Stabling, &c. (40,222)

PRICE £1,450.

BRONDESBURY.—Well-built detached RESIDENCE, most conveniently situate near Metropolitan Railway station: 5 bed, bath, & 3 reception rooms; offices on Ground Floor; electric light. Tastefully laid-out garden extending to a depth of 200ft. (40,231)

GREAT CUMBERLAND PLACE.—Well-arranged & beautifully-fitted RESIDENCE, of medium size, with unusually good rooms: 8 bedrooms, dressing room, bath, double drawing room, 37ft. by 25ft., boudoir, dining room, 22ft. 6in. by 18ft. 9in., library, & smoking room; good domestic offices; stabling for 4 horses, with 2 rooms over. Rent, £400 & premium. Strongly recommended. (40,236)

AVAILABLE FOR 12 MONTHS.

MONTAGU SQUARE.—To LET, Furnished, one of the most attractive of these excellent HOUSES. Accommodation; 8 bed & dressing rooms, bath, 4 reception rooms. Rent for one year, 520 guineas. Recommended. (39,033)

TUNBRIDGE WELLS (near).—To be SOLD, a charming old-fashioned RESIDENCE, containing: billiard & 2 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, bath (h. & c.); stabling for 2; grounds of 3 acres, with tennis lawn, kitchen garden, paddock, etc. Sandstone rock, pure water, modern drainage. Rent, £150 per annum. Price, £3,500. Would be LET, Furnished. (12,462)

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RENT, £100 PER ANNUM.—To be LET, Unfurnished, the above delightful old-fashioned COUNTRY RESIDENCE, standing high, in a bracing position, with south aspect and lovely diversified views. It contains: sitting room hall, 21 ft. by 15 ft., 4 reception rooms, 10 bed and dressing rooms, bath, and complete offices, with servants' hall; stabling for 4 horses; shady old grounds, lawns, kitchen garden, and orchard; cottage for man; Company's water; easy drive of main line station; near golf course; hunting with 5 packs.—Full particulars of HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

A GEM IN ARCHITECTURE AND POSITION (within an hour of Town, 600ft. above the sea, amidst the exquisite scenery of the Surrey Hills, surrounded by wooded and heathered commons, and near a favourite golf course).—For SALE, Furnished, for 3 years, a delightfully quaint Old English RESIDENCE, perfectly sheltered from cold winds, yet enjoying every ray of sunshine; splendid pure air and magnificent views, and on greensand soil. Lounge hall, billiard, 3 reception, bath, and 11 bedrooms. Servants' hall and offices. Stabling for 6; 2 cottages. Terraced and Italian gardens, kitchen garden, vinery, orchard and paddock.—Further details, price, etc., of HAMPTON and SONS, Estate Agents, Oxted, Surrey, and at 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, Pall Mall, S.W., who can strongly recommend from personal inspection.

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SURREY (35 minutes from Town).—To be LET, a well-furnished gentleman's RESIDENCE, approached by a carriage drive with lodge at entrance, and commanding a high position close to a well-known heath. It contains: lounge hall, 24ft. by 21ft., drawing room, 25ft. by 15ft., dining room, 24ft. by 15ft., billiard room, 26ft. by 18ft., morning room, 20ft. by 16ft., and the usual domestic offices, 9 bedrooms, fitted bathroom; electric light; stabling for 2, coach-house; the grounds are delightfully shady and secluded; there are tennis and other lawns, prolific kitchen garden, paddock, in all about 4 acres. Rent very moderate.—Personally inspected and strongly recommended by HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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CHARMING OLD-FASHIONED COTTAGE RESIDENCE.

BUCKS (near Henley-on-Thames).—To be LET on Lease, at a low rent, the above old-fashioned RESIDENCE, situate 1 mile from the river. The accommodation comprises: vestibule hall, dining and drawing rooms (each about 21ft. by 15ft.), morning room, servants' hall, kitchen and usual offices, 9 bedrooms, dressing and bathrooms (h. and c. water); stabling for 3 horses, 2 coach-houses, harness room, outbuildings, and coachman's 6-roomed cottage. The pretty grounds, of 3 acres, which are intersected by a trout stream, are laid out in tennis and other lawns, flower and kitchen gardens, shrubbery and paddock.—For further particulars, apply HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

ON HIGH GROUND, NORTH OF TOWN, A MOTOR DRIVE OF THE CITY.

THE above really delightful old-fashioned RESIDENCE is to LET, Unfurnished, on advantageous terms. It was recently modernised, re-drained, and made thoroughly comfortable, at a cost of over £1,000, and is now in exceptional order throughout; the position is bracing and perfectly countrified, and the views charming. It contains square entrance and inner halls, drawing and dining rooms 27ft. by 20ft., morning room, study, 13 bed and dressing rooms, bath, and offices, with servants' hall; stabling for 8 horses; cottage for man; finely-timbered old grounds, shady tennis and croquet lawns, kitchen garden, glass, and park-like meadows of over 12 acres; more land adjoining can be had.—Full particulars of HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, London, S.W.

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£1,550 WILL BUY an exceedingly attractive COUNTRY RESIDENCE, situate 10 minutes from Bury St. Edmunds Station, and contains: hall, dining, drawing room (leading to conservatory), morning room, usual offices, 10 bedrooms, dressing room, bathroom, 2 staircases; stabling for 2, coach-house, harness room, etc.; electric light; the grounds are beautifully timbered, and completely walled in, and include lawns, productive kitchen garden, vinery, etc., in all over an acre.—Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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WIMBLEDON COMMON.—The specially well-built and luxuriously-appointed FREEHOLD RESIDENCE, known as "Grange Cottage," Wimbledon Common: 4 reception, 9 bedrooms, 2 baths, ground floor offices; charming garden, fives court, and site for motor-house. Total frontage to one of the most favoured roads in the district of about 150ft. Road charges paid. For SALE by Private Treaty.—Particulars of HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W., and High Street, Wimbledon Common.

OVERLOOKING MOUNT'S BAY.

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RENT, ONLY £140. NEWLY DECORATED.

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HANTS (Winchester District).—To be SOLD, this charming old RESIDENCE, situated in one of the prettiest parts of the country, about 200ft. above sea level, and standing in its own well-timbered grounds, with paddock, and land adjoining, in all about 39 acres. The House contains: 3 reception rooms, servants' hall, 7 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, hot and cold supplies, and usual domestic offices; stabling for 4 horses, man's room, and outbuildings.—Price and further particulars of the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

SUSSEX, near Hayward's Heath (within 1 mile of station.)—To be LET, Unfurnished, a charming COUNTRY RESIDENCE, in the Gothic style, occupying a very pleasant situation, with south aspect, and standing in shady and well laid-out grounds of about 2½ acres. It contains: good entrance hall, 4 reception, 8 bedrooms, bathroom, and offices; stabling for 3 horses; 3 greenhouses, etc. Rent, £150 per annum.—Inspected and strongly recommended by the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (U 2,454)

TOWN HOUSES

HARRODS (Ltd.) are the appointed Agents for all the principal Residences on the Belgravia and Cadogan Estates, and in the Kensington District, and have also many of those available in Mayfair and Hyde Park. A selected List of everything available for the autumn and winter will be sent on receipt of requirements.

WITHIN A FEW MINUTES OF THE PARK.

VERY handsomely furnished and well-decorated TOWN HOUSE to be LET, with immediate possession if required. The accommodation comprises: 8 bed and dressing rooms, 3 good reception rooms, lounge hall, bathroom, and very complete domestic offices. Rent, 500 gns. for a year, including stabling for 4 horses, and good rooms over.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

CADOGAN ESTATE.—A well-built modern RESIDENCE to be LET, with immediate possession. The accommodation comprises: 8 bedrooms, 3 excellent reception rooms, bathroom, and very complete domestic offices. Rent, £225 per annum; no premium.—Sole Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

VERY WELL FURNISHED AND APPOINTED.

OVINGTON SQUARE.—To be LET, Furnished, for the Winter. The accommodation comprises: 6 bedrooms, 3 good reception rooms, bathroom, and very full domestic offices; good housemaid left. Rent, 8 gns. per week.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

FULL-SIZE BILLIARD ROOM.

MAIDA VALE (just off).—A very well-built Modern RESIDENCE to be LET, Unfurnished, comprising: 8 bedrooms, 3 good reception rooms, bathroom, and very complete domestic offices; electric light and every modern convenience. Rent, only £140 per annum.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

OLD-FASHIONED CHELSEA RESIDENCE.

VERY well-furnished and arranged detached HOUSE to be LET, containing: 6 bedrooms, 2 good reception rooms, bathroom, and complete domestic offices. Rent, only 7 gns. per week. Large garden.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

SURREY, near Dorking (within 10 minutes of a station).—To be LET, Unfurnished, on Lease, a beautiful RESIDENCE, in an ideal position, commanding magnificent and extensive views over the surrounding picturesque country. It is approached by a pretty carriage drive, with lodge entrance, and standing in its own exceptional, beautiful, well-timbered grounds of about 4 acres, including tennis and croquet lawns, terraces, herbaceous borders, shrubberies, shady walks and well-stocked kitchen garden, together with the enjoyment of 2 acres of pine woods. The accommodation comprises: hall, 3 reception rooms, billiard room, 13 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom and excellent offices. Stabling for 3 horses, etc.—Inspected and most confidently recommended by the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (U 1,887)

KENT.—To be LET, Furnished or Unfurnished, on Lease, a magnificent old-fashioned Family MANSION, standing amid grandly-timbered park of some 50 acres. It is approached by a beautiful avenue carriage drive, with lodge at entrance; entering under a portico, forming a lobby, is the fine entrance hall, ante-hall, and garden lobby, handsome drawing room, dining room, library, morning rooms, and billiard room. 18 bed and dressing rooms 2 bathrooms, and excellent offices. Stabling for 5 horses, coach-houses, grooms' rooms, and extensive outbuildings and farm buildings. The pleasure grounds are exceedingly beautiful, and form a great feature of the property.—Further particulars of the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), who can recommend same from a personal inspection.

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£160 per annum.—ASCOT (near). Gentleman's RESIDENCE and nearly 4 acres. 4 reception and 10 bedrooms; stabling for 3, and cottage. Inspected and strongly recommended. (B 1,203)

£180 per annum.—DORKING DISTRICT. Splendid RESIDENCE. 8 bed and 3 reception rooms; stabling for 4, and 11 acres of delightful grounds and park land. (S 1,268)

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£210 per annum.—SEVENOAKS (near). Charming COUNTRY HOUSE, on sandy soil. 3 reception and 11 bedrooms; stabling, cottage; 18 acres. (K 1,174)

£210 per annum.—HASLEMERE. 500 ft. high. Choice RESIDENCE, with large wood and 20 acres, garden and meadow. 4 reception and 15 bedrooms. (H 1,231)

£210 per annum.—CAMBERLEY. Capital HOUSE, containing 4 reception and 11 bedrooms; stabling, cottage, and 19 acres, principally pasture. (S 1,249)

£250 per annum.—HAYWARD'S HEATH. Attractive RESIDENCE and 17 acres. 10 bedrooms, sitting hall, 4 reception rooms; stabling, cottage. Recommended. (C 1,155)

£315 per annum.—ASCOT (near). Old-fashioned RESIDENCE, with 3 reception and 18 bedrooms; 10 acres of delightful grounds and meadow; stabling. Inspected. (B 1,169)

£320 per annum.—St. GEORGE'S HILL. Singularly choice RESIDENCE, with 3 acres. 4 reception and 14 bedrooms; stabling, cottage. Recommended. (S 1,159)

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£1,100.—In a fine open position, on the borders of Berks and Surrey, conveniently near station and in a good social neighbourhood. To be SOLD (might be LET), a first-rate RESIDENCE, standing well back from road, and containing: entrance hall, drawing, dining, and morning rooms, kitchen and offices; 7 bed, dressing, and bathrooms, etc. Capital pleasure and kitchen gardens, lawn, etc. Two-stall stable, coach-house with loft, and man's room.—OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

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40 ACRES.—HANTS. 600 ft. above sea. A compact PROPERTY, with delightful Residence, in splendid order. 4 reception rooms and 12 bedrooms; ample stabling and 3 cottages. Inspected. (H 1,227)

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NEAR SUSSEX COAST, most delightful views of the sea, Downs, and surrounding country; near good shops, church, telegraph office, etc.—To be SOLD or LET, Unfurnished, capital RESIDENCE, in fine open situation, and containing: 6 bedrooms, dressing room, 2 bathrooms, billiard, and 3 reception rooms; ample stabling, and 6 acres of pleasure grounds and paddock.—Full particulars of OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

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OVER 100 ACRES. BILLIARD ROOM. STABLING FOR 15.

TO BE SOLD, about one hour of Town, a Picturesque PROPERTY in a lovely district. 4 reception rooms (mostly oak-panelled), billiard room, 22 bed and dressing rooms. — Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, as above. (1,587)

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ON THE BORDERS OF HERTS.—One hour of town, to be SOLD a modern RESIDENCE of attractive appearance. Accommodation: good hall, 3 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, bath (h. and c.), etc. Stabling for 6 horses, gardens and meadow land. Price, £2,750, or would be LET, Unfurnished, at £120 per annum. —Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,483)

64 ACRES, 10 BEDROOMS, STABLING FOR 5, FARMERY, BAILIFF'S HOUSE, AND COTTAGE.

TWO HOURS OF TOWN (on the G.W.R.)—To be SOLD, a Picturesque HOUSE in a high and bracing position, with 4 reception rooms, 10 bed and dressing rooms, etc. Farmery and lovely old pleasure grounds. Hunting.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, as above. (2,138)

WITHIN EASY REACH OF SEA. TWO HOURS OF TOWN. PARK OF 150 ACRES.

TO BE LET, Furnished by the year, the above ELIZABETHAN MANSION, built about 30 years ago, and containing: entrance hall, 4 reception rooms, 25 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; usual domestic offices; stabling for 7. Beautiful pleasure grounds of 7 acres, shooting over 3,000 acres (200 acres of woods). Hunting and golf within easy reach.—Photographs and full details of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, as below. (F 583)

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IN THE MOST BEAUTIFUL PART OF SURREY.

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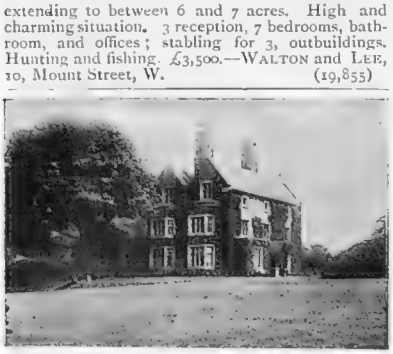

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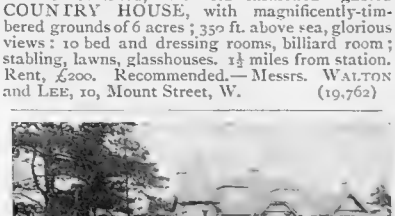

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resuscitation of the waterfall back. Doubtless the advent of the tulle frock has had some large measure of influence in inducing her to arrive at this impression, but since she is a young person of vivid perceptions, I am of opinion her prognostications are worthy of much consideration.

Taffe as Evening Dress

Meanwhile, mousseline taffetas, in all the prevailing delicate tints, is having an easy lead. The taffetas evening dress is almost an inevitable possession, and, in view of its sturdy quality, there are few to say it nay, while the majority are well content to let it abide on the law of exclusive construction. The hard-little evening confection, indeed, has come to mark an epoch, many of the best modistes employing the merest *soupçon* of lace as a softening influence, perhaps merely in the form of a tucker, and a frilled, upturned cuff to the short *bouffant* Marie Henriette sleeve.

A smart, warm Juvenile Overcoat for winter wear
(Sketched at Messrs. Charles Baker and Co., High Holborn)

Some Charming Alternatives

It is not by any means, however, given to all to carry off with really satisfactory *éclat*, the hard evening dress, either in silk or velvet, certain types and styles requiring a softer and more æsthetic environment. And for such, there comes, crêpe de Chine, those adorable Liberty satins, plain or sequined nets and tulle. By-the-way, those fortunate auburn-haired women, with the accompanying clear white skin, should see to it that they speedily acquire one of the new chestnut sequined robes. These are charming, and create the most fascinating and attractive diversion among the more familiar black, opalesce, and royal blue sequin seductions Also, we have been made acquainted with some curiously beautiful soft puce and mauve harmonies.

The Vogue of Beaded Embroideries

Black scintillating embroideries, I am persuaded, like the poor, we shall have always with us, and the softly padded ball effects, now secured, are exceptionally decorative and incredibly light. As may well be imagined, these are invaluable towards the creation of the favourite grape *motifs*, although they are more inclined to strike a novel note, used in a group of balls graduating in size as a finish to the hem of a skirt, the clusters repeated at intervals above, and again on the corsage. But there is little or no appreciable weight in the beaded embroideries of latter-day consummation, and of a truth we deserve compensation to make good long years of suffering; moreover, the trail of the sequin is no longer left over the land, more permanent processes being used in the working thereof.

Overcoats for Our Boys.

How colloquialisms cling! *The* girls and *Our* boys, are distinctive titles that will never fall out of fashion. One thinks them and speaks them as naturally as one breathes. And, *apropos* of the latter, it has come our, or rather my, particular way, again to be personally interested in this subject, as it is propounded by Messrs. Charles Baker and Co., 271-274, High Holborn, where the maintained policy of reasonable prices immediately justifies a further indulgence; and it is always real economy to afford children alternative wear in all such matters as overcoats.

Reviewing the choice at Messrs. Charles Baker's again, I was more than ever impressed by its excellence. There is a little blue serge reefer, with sailor collar, really wonderful value, at prices ranging from 8*s.* 11*d.* to 14*s.* 11*d.*, perhaps the ideal coat for boys from six to eight years. Then, scenting the certainty of the smart, full-cut Chesterfield, the firm have laid in a stock of these, built in tweeds and grey cheviots, quite unequalled in quality and style, starting at 10*s.* 9*d.*, and running up to 29*s.* 6*d.* Completed by a peak cap *en suite*, this is eminently the best approved get-up of the hour, for ordinary winter wear, and Messrs. Baker have assuredly realised the fact to the full. Also of highly interesting quality is a well-made beaver-faced cloth with astrachan collar, together with the most orthodox little Guard's coat, in pure blue-worsted serge, piped at edges and cuffs, and completed by the conventional shoulder straps and belt. Worn with a Service cap, a little laddie of some five or six years presents the pleasantest picture so attired. And for this and all such sympathetic understanding, I can, indeed, commend the house whose head depôt is at High Holborn.

The Redingote, a Paris Craze

Some weeks ago now we made a tentative offering of this type of coat, in conjunction with a skirt *en suite*. Since which time developments have occurred, in the shape of a lengthened basque, and the consequent accompaniment of a contrasting skirt, if desired, while a certain modistic licence has been taken with the title of Redingote, to distinguish the vogue. A Redingote, in the strict sense of the term, the coat is not, but a very elegant and desirable affair notwithstanding. And after all, as the great man said, "What's in a name." The special model depicted is designed for pale grey cloth, the revers, collars, and cuffs, of chinchilla, laid on a hem of grey kid. Up either side the front there is inset a line of the grey kid, while buttons of the same sturdy character complete the story. The *chic*, comfortable Turban toque is of grey velvet and chinchilla, with *officier's* plume in green *coqs* feathers.

Chubby Cheerful Children

are those who are fed properly. Remember an infant's condition does not depend alone upon the quantity of food it takes. The secret of its health and well-being is in the *quantity it digests* and assimilates. The food of a child must be light and nutritive. It must be rich in those ingredients which go to form the flesh, blood, bone, muscle, nerve, and brain of the rapidly growing child.

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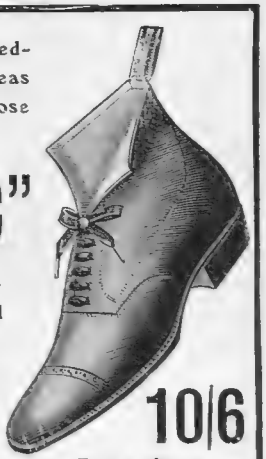

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Ladies' Hockey

By LADY PHYLLIS

Within the last three years so increasingly popular has the game of hockey become for the women of England that—though sport is not exactly in my line—perhaps I may be excused for making it the subject of my notes this week. Ten years ago I may say the game was practically unknown as far as women were concerned, and now the number of their clubs is legion. Undoubtedly it is a splendid winter game for women. It promotes health, develops physique, and, moreover, teaches unselfishness and discipline; and there is certainly no game that brings women together and engenders the same sociability and good comradeship among them.

But it is only within the last few years that the wide-spread prejudice against it has given way. The fact that it has done so, however, proves the real worth of the game. It is no longer considered unladylike and rough, for it is only necessary to watch one or two first-class matches to discover that it is a game pre-eminently requiring great skill and science, and in that direction, at any rate, highly suitable to our sex. As to the dangers of the game, they are, as a matter of fact, very slight and greatly exaggerated; and, as I have heard many first-class lady hockey players maintain, only exist in "mixed hockey." That form of the game, I find, is universally condemned by all keen lady players.

With the advent of *The Hockey Field* (that invaluable little paper in the women's world of hockey), which published its first number for the year last week, the present season may be said to have fairly begun, and, if all accounts are to be believed, is to be a record one. I hear that a team of Dutch ladies is coming to England for a week's play on November 14, and will play four matches in or near London. I wonder whether they will conform to the English rules of the game or whether, out of politeness to their guests, our countrywomen will consent to theirs? The majority of the rules appear to be the same with two rather important exceptions. One is that either side of the stick may be used, and the other that the ball in play, instead of the ordinary hard cricket ball, is large and soft. This last fact especially must considerably alter the style of the game.

One hears of many noted lady tennis players also carrying all before them in hockey—Miss Douglass, the lady tennis champion, Miss Wilson, and Miss Morton, for example, all being prominent hockey players; and the two games appear to be excellent training for one another. It is only natural when one comes to think of it, for the chief essentials in both are speed, quickness of eye, and a rapid judgment. The loss of Mrs. Pickering and Miss Cowes, who were the first ladies in the North to organise the game, is the subject of deep regret. They are both, however, on travel bent. Mrs. Pickering sails for India, and Miss Cowes appears to find the attractions of South Africa outweigh those of the game, at which she will be so much missed.

Miss A. M. Morton

Miss D. K. Douglass

Miss C. M. Wilson

THREE FAMOUS LADY TENNIS PLAYERS, WHO ARE ALSO PROMINENT HOCKEY PLAYERS

ABOUT EUGEN SANDOW

THE MODERN HEALER

The Modern Healer

Outside the ranks of the very few great statesmen and rulers of modern times whose acts have altered history, probably no man has affected the lives of his fellow-men in general more than Mr. Eugen Sandow. Since his brilliant burst, a few years ago, into the entertainment world as an ideal athlete, physically far superior to any of his fellows, never a year has passed, nay, nor even a month, which has not been devoted to his self-assumed task of bettering the health conditions of mankind. He rightly regards the inroads which those modern illnesses: indigestion, constipation, insomnia, loss of vigour, and nervous and functional disorders of all sorts, which are products of the unnatural lives that a highly civilised condition compels almost everyone of us to lead, as serious in the extreme.

A Veritable Scourge

In themselves these illnesses are a veritable scourge, for what family or what home is entirely free from the sufferings which one or other of these ailments bring. This country, and Europe, and America, are simply overrun with dyspepsia and its subsequent trail of ills. Then, apart from their direct ill-effects, it is impossible to estimate the fearful total of more serious illnesses which have been taken by people as a consequence of having neglected one of these lesser ailments. Eugen Sandow, some time since, set himself to combat these troubles, and so successful did the Sandow Treatment prove itself in the cases undertaken that it soon became necessary to widen the field of his work, and to this end he opened an establishment at Basing House, Basinghall Street, London, for the treatment, in their own homes, of sufferers from these illnesses by correspondence. So that, at the present time, the benefits of the Sandow Treatment are being enjoyed by men and women all over this country and abroad without even the necessity of a single visit.

Photo by *Warwick Brookes*

Latest Portrait of Eugen Sandow

Eugen Sandow's Keynote

The methods employed are sound and scientific, and a successful cure may be regarded as certain in every case which Mr. Sandow accepts, for he has made "certainty of cure" the keynote of his work, and to this end will only accept such cases in which he is confident, from ample past experience, that he can bring about a sure and permanent cure. If there is any element of doubt, or anything in the nature of experiment, he will not accept the case for treatment.

The Doctors and Sandow

The medical profession is watching with sympathetic interest the growth of his curative methods, for they have investigated his principles, and declare them to be physiologically sound. Physicians have long regretted the inability of any drug treatment, however skilled, to cure either indigestion, constipation, insomnia, loss of vigour, or nervous and neurotic ailments in general. And yet they have had no option but to prescribe such drugs as would temporarily relieve, even though their ultimate effect were deleterious. The medical world welcomes the Sandow Treatment, and leading London specialists frequently send suitable cases to Mr. Sandow for his treatment, with such results that recently quite a number of doctors have been writing articles in the public Press, pointing out the immense benefits the Sandow Treatment gives in any of these illnesses. A few particulars of its nature will, doubtless, interest our readers. It is easy and pleasant for men or women, and takes up but a few minutes of the patient's time each day. It is carried out entirely in the privacy of one's own room, and interferes in no way with the usual day's occupation, nor does it call for any restrictions of an ordinary healthy diet. A staff of ladies deal with all the correspondence in connection with the ladies' cases. The average time in which relief is obtained is about fourteen days, and a thorough cure is generally accomplished, even in chronic cases of long standing, in some twenty-eight days, or thereabouts. In order to obtain the benefits of Mr. Sandow's Treatment it is only necessary to write, stating particulars of the trouble, to Mr. Eugen Sandow, Dept. X., Basing House, Basinghall Street, London, E.C., and he will then forward, free of all charge, a treatise giving the fullest particulars, and the sufferer, whose case he accepts, may regard him or herself well on the road to a complete cure. [ADVT.

The Menu

On Soups

It is an undisputed fact that soups do not form as important a part as they should do in the daily menu of the middle-class English household. The art of preparing good, wholesome, palatable soups without great expense, which is so well understood in France, and in other countries where they form part of the daily food of all classes of the people, has hitherto been very much neglected in England; yet it really presents no difficulties which a little practice and the most common degree of care will not easily overcome.

A STOCK-POT

By way of starting a stock-pot it is as well to have in about 3 lb. of shin of beef, taking care that the butcher does not send it all bone; put this into the stock-pot with two large onions, well fried, two raw onions, two large carrots cut down the centre, a head of celery, and a few sprigs of sweet herbs; add to this 3 or 4 quarts of cold water, and set it on the fire to boil; let it remain boiling for three or four hours, draw it to the side, and let it simmer for the rest of the day; in the evening strain the liquor through a sieve into a large basin, put the rest on a dish, set both in the larder, and have the stock-pot well washed out before putting away for the night. The next morning take the meat from the bones to use for potted meat, put the bones and vegetables into the stock-pot, together with any bones, whether large or small, left from the previous day, trimmings of meat, cooked or uncooked, gristle, skin, etc.; bones from poultry and game of any kind should be used with the rest, and a ham or bacon bone, or trimmings from a tongue, all help to improve the flavour of the stock. Carefully skim the fat from the stock made yesterday, measure off as much as may be required for soup, gravies, etc. during the day, and pour the remainder into the stock-pot, filling it up with cold water (one which holds about four quarts is a useful size for a moderate-sized family); freshly-fried onion, well browned, must be added every day, and every second or third day the vegetables must be changed for fresh ones. Every morning the bones, etc., must be looked over, taking away those in which no goodness remains, as others are added; and every now and then, when there happens to be a good supply of fresh bones, such as, perhaps, a ham bone and those from a sirloin of beef (which will be none the worse for having been previously broiled for breakfast), it will be as well to get rid of all which have been already used, and start afresh as before. The water in which rice has been boiled, or in which bread has been soaked for puddings, should all go into the stock-pot, and, of course, that which has been used in boiling fresh meat or poultry. Rabbit bones do not improve stock, and those from a hare should be used by themselves. In my next number I shall hope to give some recipes for vegetable soups, and also to say a few words on the preparation of fish stock. I am giving a recipe below for hare soup.

HARE SOUP

This can be made from the remains of a cold roast hare by frying two or three large onions in some well-clarified beef dripping, and stirring into it two tablespoonfuls of flour and a little salt, mix well, and turn into a stewpan with the pieces of hare, two onions sliced, a small bunch of sweet herbs tied in a little bit of muslin, and a ham or bacon bone; add as much warm water as you think will be enough to make the quantity of soup you require, always remembering that it will reduce very much in boiling. It must boil until the meat comes from the bones, then strain the liquor into a basin, and put the rest on a dish to remain until the next day, when the bunch of herbs must be removed, the bones separated from the meat, and the meat with the vegetables be passed through a tammy and added to the soup, taking care to remove the fat from the top before doing so, warm it up, and stir in a dessertspoonful of ketchup just before serving. A few forcemeat balls put into the soup will be found an improvement.

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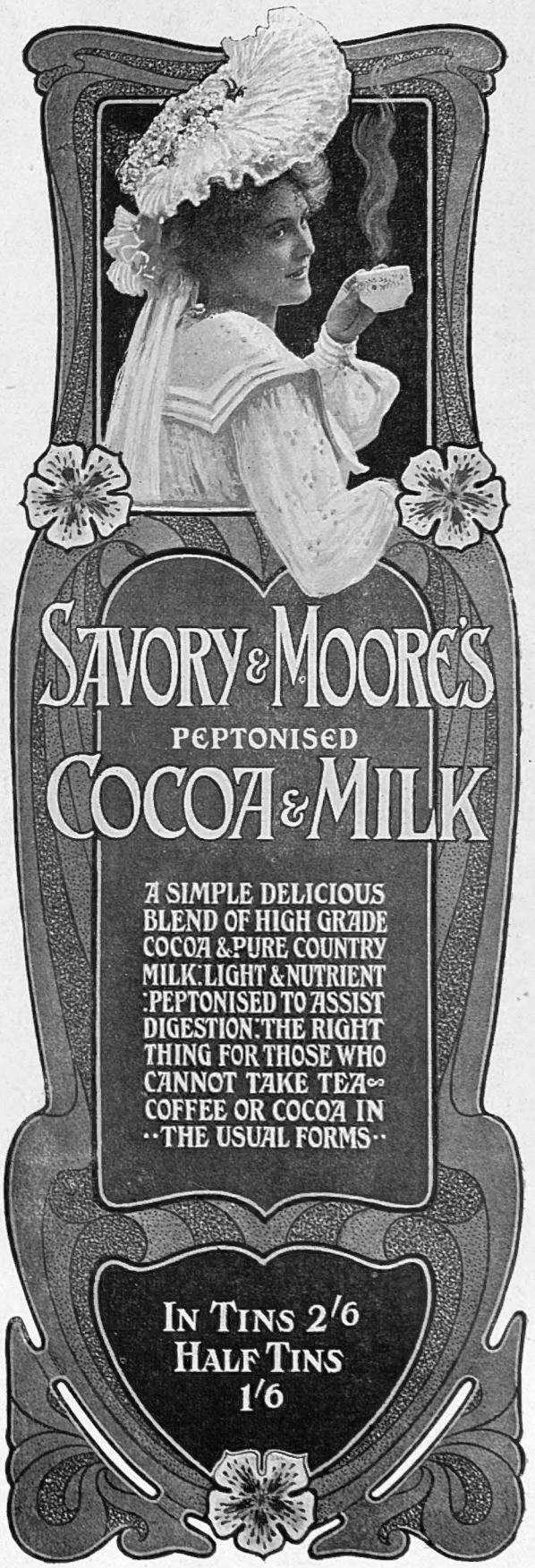

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THE EDITOR'S BOX

A Correction

In our last issue, the price of C. Dana Gibson's book, "Everyday People," was stated erroneously to be 10*s.* 6*d.* The price is 20*s.*

Children's Books

There has never, we should imagine, been a time when there have been so many children's books on the market as there are to-day. As is the case with most things the quality of this output is good, bad, and indifferent; more often than not, we are afraid, the latter is the case. Why is it that the majority of children's books deal in fantastic creatures in every conceivable shape and form, printed in lurid and inartistic colours, which must surely tend to destroy the child's taste for the simple and the beautiful? And when all is said and done, we believe that these books amuse the "grown-ups" who buy them far more than the children to whom they are given. Happily, however, there are exceptions to every rule, and in Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co.'s "Wonder Book for 1905" (picture boards, 3*s.* 6*d.*; cloth gilt, 5*s.*) we have one of these exceptions. The volume contains nearly 300 pages of delightful letterpress and illustrations, the latter being far better and more artistic than is usually the case in juvenile literature, and comprises work by such artists as the inimitable Louis Wain, Harry Rowntree, Fred Pegram, etc., besides numerous excellent half-tone reproductions. Among the letterpress there is also scattered several of the late Eugène Field's delightful little American poems. Altogether this Annual is cram-full of good things.

Dramatic Recital at Steinway Hall

On November 10, Miss Rita Gallally, a promising young elocutionist, will give her first Dramatic Recital at Steinway Hall, under the patronage of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bourchier and Mr. F. R. Benson. The programme will include selections from the writings of Charles Dickens, Hans Andersen, Re Henry and Basil Hood, the Wooing Scene from *King Henry V.*, and Theyre Smith's comedietta, *A Happy Pair*. Miss Gallally will be assisted by Mr. W. Bloye Higgs, Miss Amy Flood-Porter ('Cello), Mr. Edgar Coyle (vocalist), and Miss Kate Murdoch (accompanist). The recital will commence at 8.15 p.m. Tickets (5*s.*, 3*s.*, and 2*s.* each) may be obtained at the Hall, or of Miss Gallally, Duchy of Lancaster, Lancaster Place, Strand, W.C. Carriages, 10.30 p.m.

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